

**PRECIOUS
JEWELS**

FOR

SABBATH SCHOOLS,

BY

J. H. LESLIE and R. B. MAHAFFEY.

NEW YORK:

Published by C. M. CADY, 107 Duane St.

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32, 316

Precious Jewels,

FOR

Sabbath Schools, Prayer  Praise Meetings, and the Home Circle.

—♦♦♦BY♦♦♦—

J. H. LESLIE AND R. B. MAHAFFEY,

ASSISTED BY OVER FIFTY OTHERS.

NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED BY C. M. CADY, 107 DUANE STREET.

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PREFACE.

To all who "love God," and hope for "eternal life" through the merits of a "crucified Redeemer," "PRECIOUS JEWELS" is respectfully dedicated. It is full of *Bible doctrine, beautiful melodies, simple, rich and pleasing harmonic progressions; small in size, low in price, and up to the demands of a progressive American people.* A careful examination of the work will establish its merits in the minds of all intelligent Christians. Let us read, preach, pray, sing and LIVE the Bible, while life is given, so that "beyond the grave" we may "sing the song of Moses and the Lamb." Grateful thanks are due the following Poets and Composers who have so kindly assisted us in the preparation of this work:

Mrs. D. E. Dortch,
" E. C. Ellsworth.
" Mary E. Kail.
" M. A. Kidder.
" J. H. Leslie.
" M. E. R. Satterlee.
" C. L. Shacklock.
" M. Slusser.
Miss Clara Noyes.
" Helen F. Shaw.
" Vinnie Vernon.
Rev. W. T. Dale.
" Elisha A. Hoffman.
" J. H. Martin.

Mr. E. P. Andrews.
" J. W. Bischoff.
" R. J. Bixby.
" LeRoy J. Boggs.
" O. A. Briggs.
" C. W. Brown.
" Geo. B. Chase.
" Wilbur A. Christy.
" E. F. Dawson.
" D. E. Dortch.
" G. W. Eidt.
" S. L. Fish.
" S. H. French.
" Chas. H. Gabriel.

Mr. Chas. Geesey.
" R. A. Glenn.
" L. M. Gordon.
" John T. Grape.
" Chas. Jaekel.
" E. R. Latta.
" J. F. Kinsey.
" J. J. Maxfield.
" I. W. Mattison.
" J. F. McConnell.
" M. J. Munger.
" E. P. Noyes.
" Thomas Parkison.
" M. D. Potter.

Mr. Otis F. Presbrey.
" Eben E. Rexford,
" J. E. Rohrbough.
" Brennie Smith.
" R. G. Staples.
" S. W. Straub.
" M. P. Suter.
" J. H. Tenney.
" N. E. Townsend.
" S. L. Tyler.
" W. F. Werschkul.
" A. W. Williams.
" W. T. Wiley,
and others.

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LESLIE & MAHAFFEY,

Altoona, Pa., March 26, 1878.

PRECIOUS JEWELS.

PRECIOUS JEWELS.

MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

Cheerily.

J. H. LESLIE.

1. There are jew - els, *pre-cious jew - els*, Dropp'd from lips di - vine, Pearls of white-ness, gems of
2. There are jew - els, *pre-cious jew - els*, Pol - ish'd pure and white; Sa - cred clus - ter, heav'n-born
3. There are jew - els, *pre-cious jew - els*, From the mines of truth; Songs of sweet-ness, with a

CHORUS.

bright - ness, Ev - er - more to shine. PRE - CIOUS JEW - ELS! *Pre - cious Jew - els!*
lus - tre, Rays of ho - ly light.
meet - ness, For our age or youth.

Come and join our song, With our sing - ing earth is ring - ing, Come the sound prolong.

DROOPING SOULS.

Why art thou cast down my soul? Hope thou in God! —PSALM 42: 11,

MRS. J. H. LESLIE.

Slow, with feeling.

1. Droop-ing souls no long - er mourn, Je - sus still is prec - ious, If to him you
 2. He has par - don full and free, Droop-ing souls to glad - den, Still He cries, come
 3. Prec - ious is the Sa - vior's name, Dear to all that love Him; He to save the

now re - turn, Heav'n will be pro - pi - tious; Je - sus now is pass - ing by,
 un - to me, Wea - ry, heav - y la - den, Tho' your sins like mountains high,
 dy - ing came, Go to Him and prove him; Wand'ring sin - ners, now re - turn,

Call - ing wand'ers near Him, Drooping souls you need not die, Go to Him and hear him.
 Rise and reach to heav-en, Soon as you on Him re - ly, All shall be for-giv - en
 Con-trite souls believe Him, Je - sus calls you, cease to mourn, Wor-ship Him, receive him.

SWEET REST IN JESUS.

5

Come unto me all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. —MATTHEW, 11, 28.
J. H. LESLIE. J. H. LESLIE.

1. When sore oppressed with grief and care, And al-most read-y to des-pair, We lift our hearts to God in prayer, And
2. When sad and lone-ly filled with fear, When gently falls the precious tear, We look a - way from earth so drear, To
3. When we are number'd with the dead, And all the scenes of earth have fled, We'll go, by ho - ly an-gels led, To

FINE. REFRAIN.

D.S.

find sweet rest in Je - sus. Je - sus, Je - sus, and find sweet rest in Je - sus.
find sweet rest in Je - sus.
ev - er rest with Je - sus.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

J. H. LESLIE.

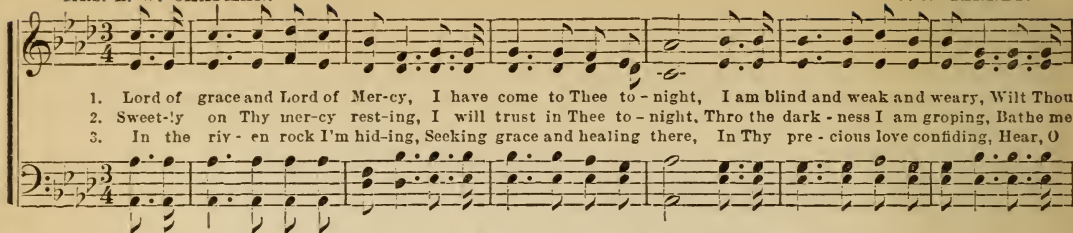
Our Father who art in heaven
hallowed be thy name,
Give us this day our daily bread,
And lead us not into temptation
but deliver us from evil,
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on
Earth as it is in Heaven,
And forgive our trespasses,
as we forgive those who trespass a-
gainst us
For thine is the kingdom,
and the power, and the glory, for-
ever and ever, A - men.

HE LIVES, NO MORE TO DIE.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN.

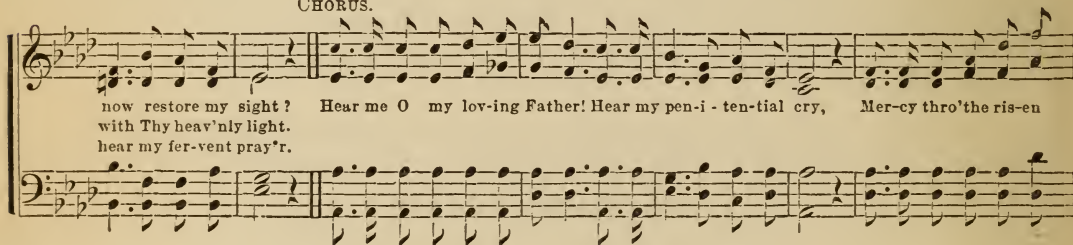
I know that my Redeemer liveth.—JOB XIX : 25.

J. H. TENNEY.

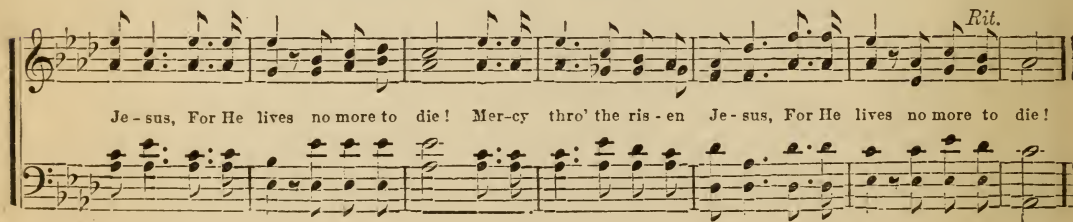


1. Lord of grace and Lord of Mer-cy, I have come to Thee to - night, I am blind and weak and weary, Wilt Thou
 2. Sweet-ly on Thy mer-cy rest-ing, I will trust in Thee to - night, Thro the dark - ness I am groping, Bathe me
 3. In the riv - en rock I'm hid-ing, Seeking grace and healing there, In Thy pre - cious love confiding, Hear, O

CHORUS.



now restore my sight? Hear me O my lov-ing Father! Hear my pen-i - ten-tial cry, Mer-cy thro'the ris-en
 with Thy heav'nly light.
 hear my fer-vent pray'r.



Je - sus, For He lives no more to die! Mer-cy thro'the ris-en Je - sus, For He lives no more to die!

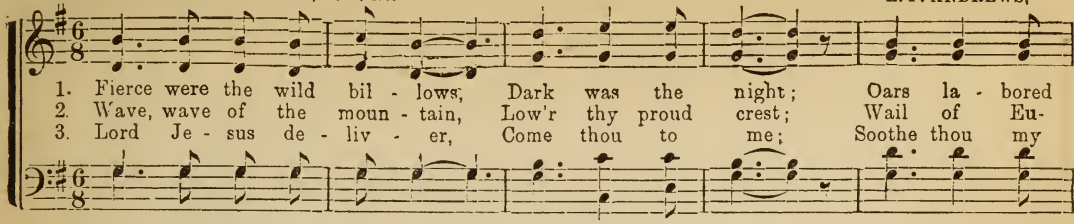
CHRIST CALMING THE STORM.

7

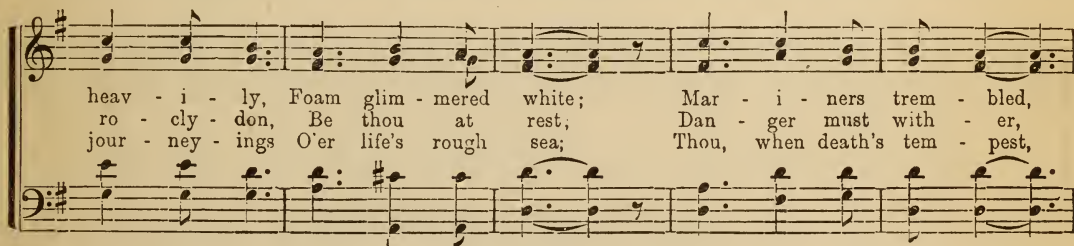
And he arose and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still. —MARK, 4-39.

From the Greek of St. Anatotius, A. D. 450.

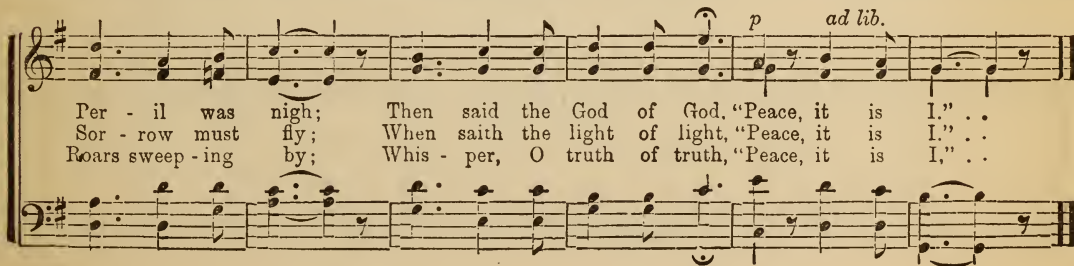
E. P. ANDREWS,



1. Fierce were the wild bil - lows, Dark was the night; Oars la - bored
 2. Wave, wave of the moun - tain, Low'r thy proud crest; Wail of Eu -
 3. Lord Je - sus de - liv - er, Come thou to me; Soothe thou my



heav - i - ly, Foam glim - mered white; Mar - i - ners trem - bled,
 ro - cly - don, Be thou at rest; Dan - ger must with - er,
 jour - ney - ings O'er life's rough sea; Thou, when death's tem - pest,



Per - il was nigh; Then said the God of God, "Peace, it is I." . .
 Sor - row must fly; When saith the light of light, "Peace, it is I." . .
 Roars sweep - ing by; Whis - per, O truth of truth, "Peace, it is I." . .

CLOSER TO THEE.

J. H. LESLIE.

Andante.

1. Clos - er, still clos-er, my Sa-vior to Thee, Clos - er to Je - sus my heart longs to be;
 2. Clos - er by day, tho' my sky be all bright, Clos - er, still clos - er, when fall-eth the night;
 3. When to the Jor-dan of death I de - scend, Dan-ger I'll fear not if Christ be my friend;

Round me His arm, on His bo - som my head, Near the dear side which on Cal - va - ry bled.
 Earth has no spot where without Him I'm safe, Time has no mo - ment I need not his grace.
 Breast-ing the bil-lows, my death-song shall be, Clos - er, still clos - er my Sa - vior to thee.

REFRAIN.

Clos - er, clos - er, clos - er to thee, Clos - er, still clos - er, my Sa - vior to Thee.

LEAD ME SAFELY ON.

9

J. H. LESLIE.

R. A. GLENN.

1. Lead me safe-ly on by the narrow way, From the shores of time to the realms of day; By the cross of Christ may I
 2. With a Shepherd's care thro' the night and day, Keep me close to thee lest I go astray; Lead me safely on by thy
 3. Thro' the storms of life, 'mid the ocean's foam, Lead me safely on to my heavenly home; At the fount of life on the

REFRAIN.

ever-stand, As I journey on to the bet-ter land,
 tender love, Thro' this world of sin to my home above.
 oth-er shore, Let me free-ly drink till I thirst no more.

lead me on,

lead me on,

straight and narrow way,
 Lead me on,
 lead me on, To the realms of endless day.

HEAVEN IS MY HOME.

We have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens.—2d Cor. 5: 1.

REV. T. R. TAYLOR.

J. H. LESLIE.

1. I'm but a stran - ger here, Heav'n is my home, Earth is a
 2. What tho' the tem - pest rage, Heav'n is my home, Short is my
 3. There at my Sa - vior's side, Heav'n is my home, I shall be

des - ert drear, Heav'n is my home; Dan - ger and sor - row stand
 pil - grim - age, Heav'n is my home; Time's cold and win - try blast,
 glo - ri - fied, Heav'n is my home; There are the good and blest,

Round me on ev' - ry hand; Heav'n is my fath - er - land, Heav'n is my home.
 Soon will be o - ver - past; I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home.
 Those I love most and best; There, too, I soon shall rest, Heav'n is my home.

GOD SHALL ALL YOUR NEED SUPPLY.

11

F. R. H.
Andante.

God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus. — PHIL. 4:19.
THOMAS PARKISON.

1. Who shall tell our greatest need, Deep-ly felt tho' scarcely known, Who the hungry soul shall
2. Help is on - ly found in Thee, Earthly fountains quickly dry, But the promise we can
3. On the Sa - vior then we call, O how gracious His re - ply; Come, ye weary, one and

CHORUS.

feed, Guide and guard but God a-lone. Ask not how, but trust Him still, Ask not
see, "God shall all your need supply."
all, "God shall all your need supply."

Ask not how, but trust him still,

when, but wait His will; Sim-ply on His word re - ly, . . God shall all your need supply.

Ask not when, but wait his will; Simply on His word re-ly.

TALK WITH ME LORD.

MRS. M. SLUSSER,

That which I see not, teach Thou me.—Job 34: 32,

J. H. LESLIE.

1. Talk with me, Lord, the way is dark, I can - not see Thee near;
 2. Talk with me, when I tread the maze Of doubt and un - be - lief;
 3. Talk with me, when the mists of death Fall damp - ly on my brow;

O still the murm - 'ring of my heart, That I Thy voice may hear.
 Thy wel - come voice will sure - ly bring A balm of sweet re - lief.
 Let heav'nly ac - cents pure and sweet, Re - kin - dle life's last glow.

Give me the faith that will not doubt, The love that knows no fear.
 Teach my re - bel - lious heart to bow Sub - mis - sive to Thy will.
 No oth - er voice can cheer my soul, Throughout life's la - test gloom.

That hope which kin - dled in my breast, Brings Heav'n and glo - ry near.
 Tho' dark - ness may sur - round my path, O keep me stead - fast still.
 No oth - er voice will sound so sweet, Be - yond the cheer - less tomb.

ROCK OF AGES.

"Thou art my hiding-place."—Ps. 32 : 7.

J. H. LESLIE.

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee; Let the wa - ter and the
 2. Should my tears for - ev - er flow, Should my zeal no languor know, These for sin could not a -
 3. While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyes shall close in death, When I rise to worlds un -

blood, From thy wounded side which flow'd, Be of sin the perfect cure; Save me, Lord and make me pure.
 tone; Thou must save and thou a - lone; In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to thy cross I cling.
 known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne; Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee.

HE IS RISEN.

MARK 16 : 6.

E. R. LATTA.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 He is ris - en from the grave, Glo - ry to his bless - ed name, Thus to Ma - ry Mag - da - lene Did the
 2 He is ris - en from the grave, Faint disci - ples cheerful be, He hath still'd the voice of death, As he
 3 He is ris - en, blessed thought, And for us doth in - ter - cede, And the Fa - th - er for his sake Will re -

shin - ing ones proclaim; Forth he came to life again, When the morn was shining dim; What were
 did the roar - ing sea; Be not doubting, but believe, He will for - ty days re - main Ere he
 gard us when we plead; In the re - sur - rection morn, We shall hear the Savior's word, And as -

CHORUS.

Pi - late's Ro - man seal, And the Ro - man guard to him. He has ris - en from the dead, He hath
 shall to heav'n as - cend, Ye have not be - lieved in vain.
 cending thro' the air, Be for - ev - er with the Lord.

HE IS RISEN.—Concluded.

15



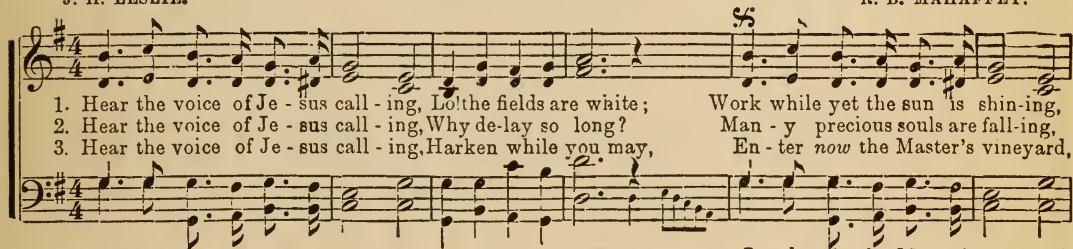
brought sal - va - tion nigh, He the grave hath captive led, And as - cend - ed up on high.

HEAR THE VOICE OF JESUS CALLING.

J. H. LESLIE.

Go work to-day in my vineyard.—MATT. 21 : 23.

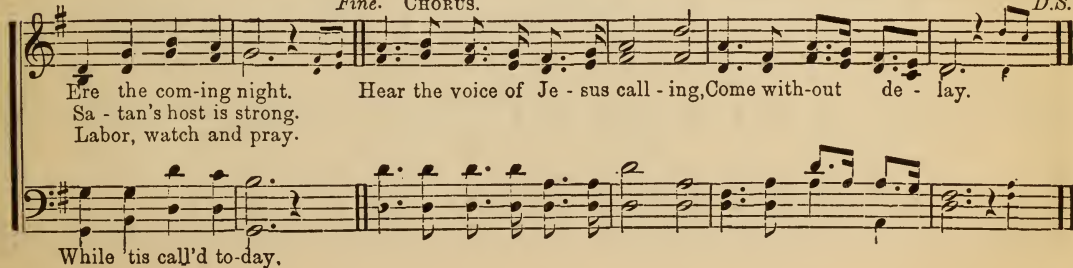
R. B. MAHAFFEY.



1. Hear the voice of Je - sus call - ing, Lo! the fields are white; Work while yet the sun is shin - ing,
 2. Hear the voice of Je - sus call - ing, Why de - lay so long? Man - y precious souls are fall - ing,
 3. Hear the voice of Je - sus call - ing, Harken while you may, En - ter now the Master's vineyard,

La - bor in the Master's vineyard,
D.S.

Fine. CHORUS.



Ere the com - ing night. Hear the voice of Je - sus call - ing, Come with - out de - lay.
 Sa - tan's host is strong.
 Labor, watch and pray.
 While 'tis call'd to - day.

GREAT PEACE.

Great peace have they which love Thy law.—Ps. 119: 165.

MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

J. H. LESLIE.

1. While I jour-ney here be-low, Cares may rise un-bid-den, But my peace with
 2. Near the way I'm call'd to go, Ma-ny foes are lurk-ing, Yet my faith in
 3. In the path my feet shall tread, Ma-ny thorns are wounding, But for me His

CHORUS.

God, I know Ev-er safe lies hid-den. Great peace have they, Great peace have they, Who love thy law from
 God I show By my dai-ly work-ing,
 blood was shed, Thro' his grace abound-ing.

day to day, Great peace have they, Great peace have they, Who love thy law and watch and pray.

GUIDE ME, BLESSED SAVIOR.

17

Words and Music By R. A. GLENN.

1. Guide me, oh my bless-ed Sa-vior, For I need Thee ev-'ry day; Leave me not a - lone to
2. 'Take me, oh my Sa-vior, take me, Keep me ev - er near thyside; All my hope is firm-ly
3. All to Thee I would surren-der, Take me now I hum-bly pray; Guide me thro' this world of

The first system of music is in 3/4 time, key of D major (two sharps). It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

CHORUS.

wan - der, Lest from Thee I go as - tray. Guide me, Oh my bless - ed Sa - vior, Ev-'ry
an-chor'd On the cross where Thou hast died.
dark-ness, To the light of end - less day.

The chorus begins with a double bar line. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

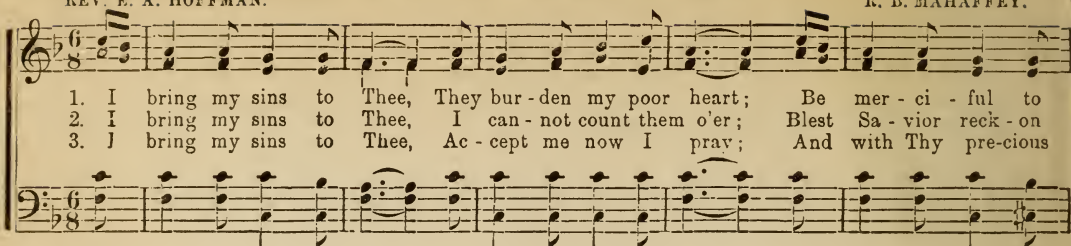
day and ev-'ry hour, Thro' my tri - als be Thou near me, And up-hold me with Thy pow'r.

The final system of music concludes the piece. The melody ends with a final chord in the treble staff, and the accompaniment ends with a final chord in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

I BRING MY SINS TO THEE.

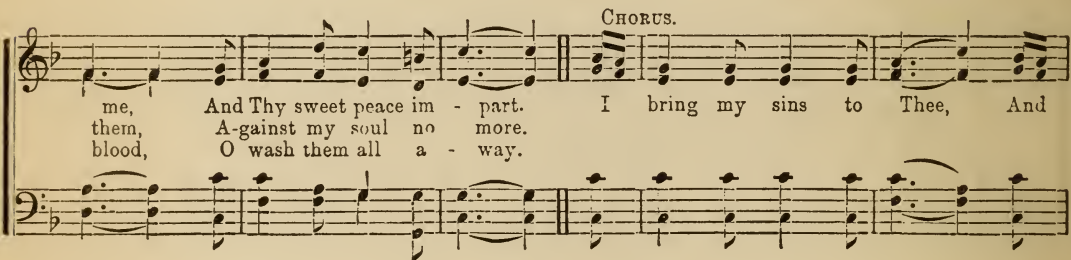
REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

R. D. MAHAFFEY.

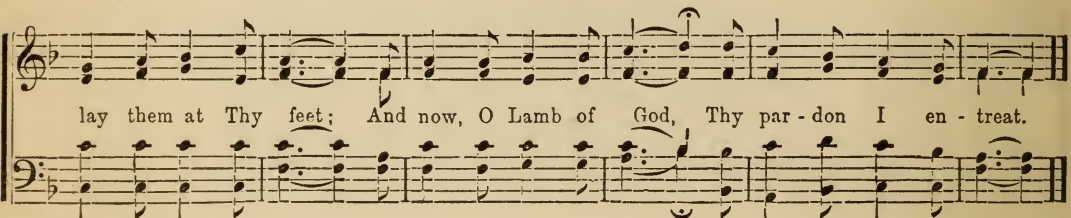


1. I bring my sins to Thee, They bur - den my poor heart; Be mer - ci - ful to
 2. I bring my sins to Thee, I can - not count them o'er; Blest Sa - vior reck - on
 3. I bring my sins to Thee, Ac - cept me now I pray; And with Thy pre - cious

CHORUS.



me, And Thy sweet peace im - part. I bring my sins to Thee, And
 them, A - gainst my soul no more.
 blood, O wash them all a - way.



lay them at Thy feet; And now, O Lamb of God, Thy par - don I en - treat.

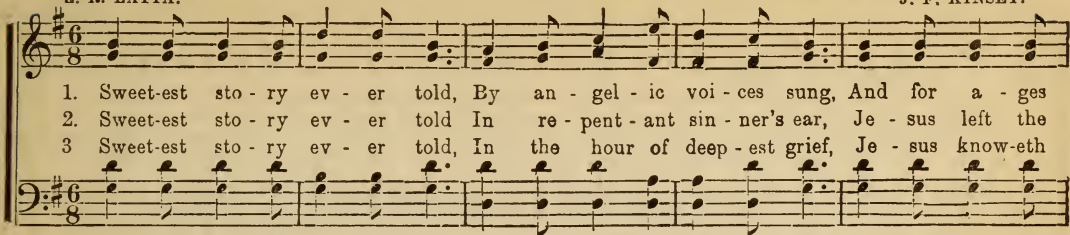
SWEETEST STORY EVER TOLD.

19

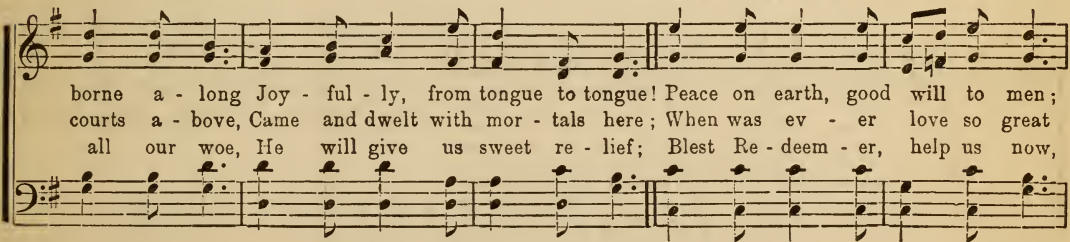
And the angel said unto them, Fear not, for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy. —LUKE 2:10.

E. R. LATTA.

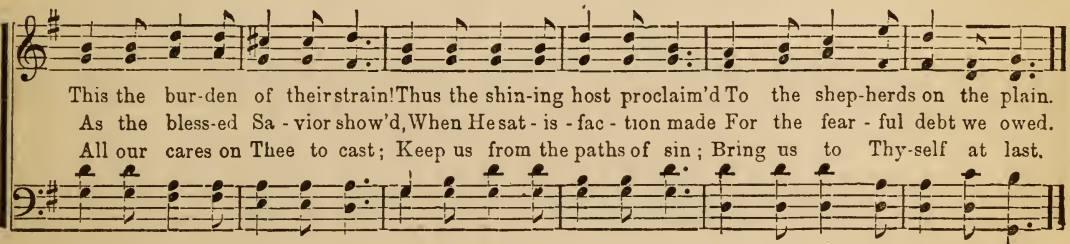
J. F. KINSEY.



1. Sweet-est sto - ry ev - er told, By an - gel - ic voi - ces sung, And for a - ges
2. Sweet-est sto - ry ev - er told In re - pent - ant sin - ner's ear, Je - sus left the
3. Sweet-est sto - ry ev - er told, In the hour of deep - est grief, Je - sus know-eth



borne a - long Joy - ful - ly, from tongue to tongue! Peace on earth, good will to men;
courts a - bove, Came and dwelt with mor - tals here; When was ev - er love so great
all our woe, He will give us sweet re - lief; Blest Re - deem - er, help us now,



This the bur - den of their strain! Thus the shin - ing host proclaim'd To the shep - herds on the plain.
As the bless - ed Sa - vior show'd, When He sat - is - fac - tion made For the fear - ful debt we owed.
All our cares on Thee to cast; Keep us from the paths of sin; Bring us to Thy - self at last.

JUST WAITING.

REV. W. T. DALE. I am just waiting for the last summons. Last words of David Lowry, D. D.

D. E. DORTCH.

1. Just waiting the summons to welcome me home, Just waiting the time when my Savior shall come To take me away to his
 2. Just waiting to step from the borders of time, Just waiting to enter the heav-en-ly clime, Just waiting the final a-
 3. Just waiting to stand on the beautiful shore, With kindred and friends who have gone on before, Just waiting to sing with the
 4. Just waiting with angels and seraphs to fall, And worship the Savior and Sovereign of all, Just waiting to tell of his

REFRAIN.

Wait - ing, 'yes wait - ing, just

palace on high, And give me a place with the saints in the sky, Waiting, yes waiting. waiting, yes waiting, just
 dieu here below, Just waiting with Jesus my Sa-vior to go,
 an-gels above, Just waiting to chant the sweet anthem of love,
 triumph and fame, And shout in my ecstasy, "Worthy the Lamb,"

wait - ing, yes wait - ing, just

waiting 'till Jesus my Savior shall come, Waiting, yes waiting, waiting, yes waiting just waiting 'till Jesus shall welcome me home,

SAVIOR AND FRIEND.

21

S. L. FISH.

Andante.

1. Rest of the wea - ry, Joy of the sad, Hope of the drea - ry, Light of the glad.
 2. Pil - low when wea - ry, Rest - ing the head, Peace of the dy - ing, Life of the dead.
 3. Tho' I may stum - ble, Thou wilt be nigh, Cheer - ing the hum - ble, Hearing their cry.
 4. Ev - er con - fess - ing, Thee, I will raise, Hon - or and bless - ing, Glo - ry and praise.

Home of the stran - ger, Strength to the end, Ref - uge from dan - ger, Sa - vior and friend.
 Path of the low - ly, Prize at the end, Breath of the ho - ly, Sa - vior and friend.
 Tho' I may wan - der, Thou wilt de - fend, Tru - er and fond - er, Sa - vior and friend.
 All my en - deav - or, World without end, Thine to be ev - er, Sa - vior and friend.

JESUS LOVES THE CHILDREN.

AUNT MAY.

S. L. FISH.

1. Je - sus listens every day—Hears the lowest word I say—Hears me when I think a prayer, For the Lord is everywhere.
 2. When I do not speak aloud, Jesus knows if I am proud;—Knows when I am good and right, For my heart is in his sight.
 3. Jesus watches when I sleep—For myself I cannot keep; So he keeps me all the night, Wakes me with his morning light.
 4. Jesus loves me, I shall know Sometime why he loves me so; Why he left his home on high—Died, that I might never die,

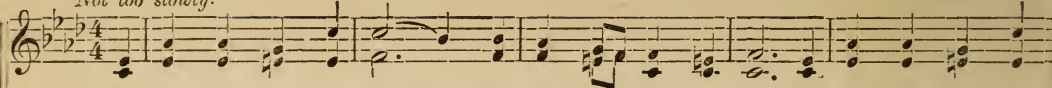
I TAKE THEE AT THY WORD.

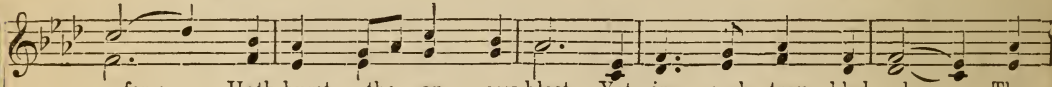
E. R. LATTA.

J. W. BISCHOFF.

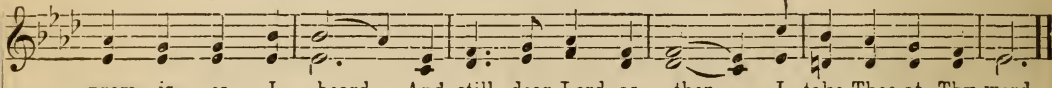
Organist First. Cong. Church, Washington, D. C.

Not too slowly.

- 
1. Thro' wa - ters deep and dark, Full oft my feet have pass'd. And on my wea - ry
 2. When cloud have gather'd round, And fill'd me with dis - may, When 'mid the dark-ness
 3. When all my strength was gone, And I was in de - spair, When in my time of



form, Hath burst the an - gry blast; Yet, in each trou - bled hour, Thy
dense, I could not see my way; Then, with re - viv - ing heart, Thy
need, I cried to Thee in pray'r; Then, with o'er - flow - ing eyes, Thy



prom - is - es I heard, And still, dear Lord, as then, I take Thee at Thy word.
prom - is - es I heard, And still, dear Lord, as then, I take Thee at Thy word.
prom - is - es I heard, And ev - er - more, dear Lord, I take Thee at Thy word.

That voice
CHORUS. What e'er

I TAKE THEE AT THY WORD.—Concluded.

23

That voice of promise sweet, Shall still by me be heard;
What-e'er may come, dear Lord, I take Thee at Thy word.

ENTER INTO THY CLOSET.

REV. W. T. DALE.

"But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet."—MATT. 6:6.

D. E. DORTCH

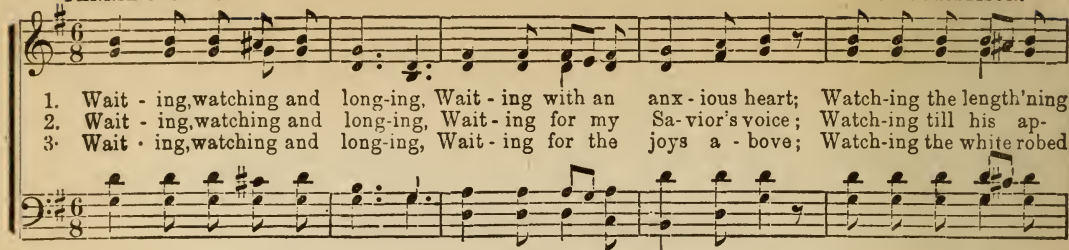
1. O Lord, in - to my clos - et now, In se - cret I re - pair, Be -
2. Far from the bus - y scenes of life, My - self I would with - draw, I
3. O Lord, do Thou my spir - it fill With Thy a - bound - ing love, And
4. Help me, O Lord, to watch and pray, And on Thy grace re - ly, That

fore Thy foot - stool hum - bly bow, And pour my fer - vent pray'r.
leave the cares of world - ly strife To med - i - tate Thy law.
help me to per - form Thy will, As an - gels do a - bove.
I may walk the nar - row way, That leads to joys on high.

WAITING, WATCHING AND LONGING.

FANNIE CROSBY.

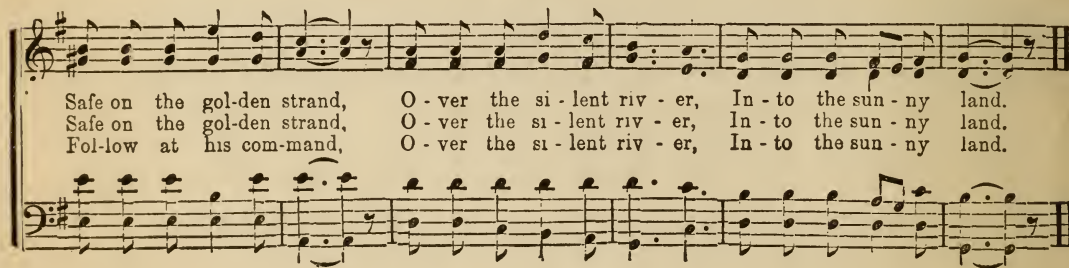
I. W. MATTISON.



1. Wait - ing, watching and long-ing, Wait - ing with an anx - ious heart; Watch-ing the length'n'ing
 2. Wait - ing, watching and long-ing, Wait - ing for my Sa - vior's voice; Watch-ing till his ap -
 3. Wait - ing, watching and long-ing, Wait - ing for the joys a - bove; Watch-ing the white robed



shad - ows Come as the hours de - part, Long - ing to drop the an - chor,
 pear - ing Bids me in hope re - joice, Long - ing to greet the dear ones,
 an - gels Com - ing on wings of love, Long - ing to fol - low Je - sus,



Safe on the gol - den strand, O - ver the si - lent riv - er, In - to the sun - ny land.
 Safe on the gol - den strand, O - ver the si - lent riv - er, In - to the sun - ny land.
 Fol - low at his com - mand, O - ver the si - lent riv - er, In - to the sun - ny land.

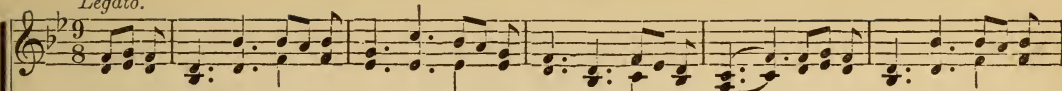
I LOVE JESUS. *

25

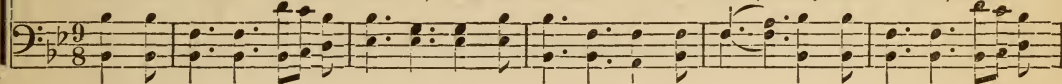
Yea, Lord, Thou knowest I love Thee—JOHN xxi., 15,

J. H. LESLIE.

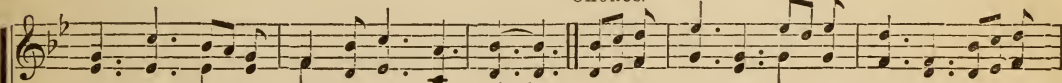
Legato.



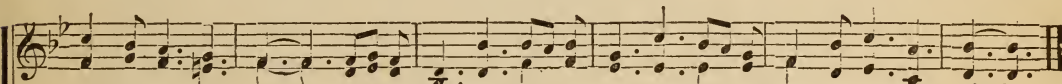
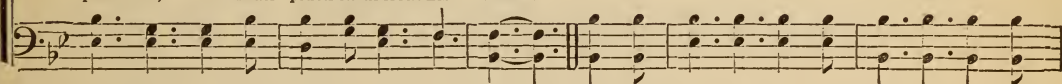
1. They are blest and blest for - ev - er, Who in child-hood's ear - ly day Seek the care of him who
2. They the world's temp-ta-tion scorn-ing, Fol - low af - ter Christ the Lord. Who in youth's de-light - ful
3. He, their Shepherd and their Sa-vior, Will with eyes of love be - hold, And re - gard with kind - est
4. He will in his bo - som cher - ish; Those who fol - low his com - mands; They shall nev - er, nev - er



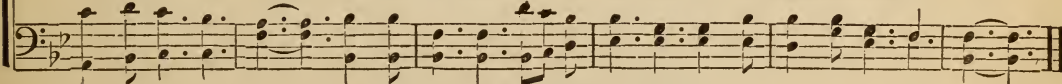
CHORUS.



nev - er Turns the seek - ing soul a - way, I love Je - sus, I love Je - sus, I love
 morn - ing Yield them-selves un - to the Lord.
 fa - vor Ev - 'ry lamb with-in his fold.
 per - ish; None shall pluck them from his hands.



Je - sus yes I do! I love Je - sus, He's my Sa - vior; Je - sus smiles and loves me too.



* From "Songs of the Cross," by per.

RISE AND SHINE.

REV. J. H. MARTIN.

Arise, shine ; for thy light is come. —ISAIAH 60 : 1.

N. E. TOWNSEND.

Allegro con spirito.

1. Rise and shine with lus-tre beam-ing, Zi-on, chase the shades of night, With ce-les-tial
 2. Dis-tant lands the light be-hold-ing, Gen-tiles shall the bright-ness see, To their eyes Thy
 3. Who are these that quick-ly gath-er, Like the fleet-ing clouds on high, Or like doves that
 4. Shout, O Zi-on! sing for glad-ness! Sound a-broad thy mirth and joy, Cast a-way thy

splen-dor gleaming, Shed a-broad thy glori-ous light; Dark-ness long has been thy cov-ring,
 charms unfold-ing, Kings shall has-ten un-to Thee; Look a-round with rap-ture gaz-ing
 fly to-geth-er, Homeward bound when storms are nigh? Lo! from ev-'ry isle and na-tion,
 gloom and sad-ness, Tune-ful notes of praise em-ploy; Thine shall be a pleas-ing sto-ry

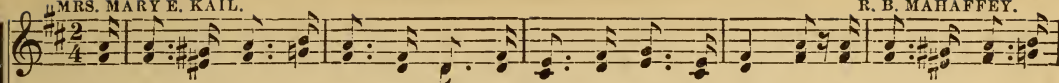
But thy gloom shall flee a-way, For the Lord a-bove thee hov'ring Shall thy darkness turn to day.
 View thy sons and daughters come, Ransom'd millions, sight ar-ray-ing, Seek in Thee a peace-ful home.
 From the shores of ev-'ry sea, Flow-ing to Thy hab-i-tation, Crowds are thronging unto Thee.
 All thy fu-ture shall be bright, For thy God shall be thy glo-ry, And thine ev-er-last-ing light.

WE'RE GOING TO WORK FOR JESUS.

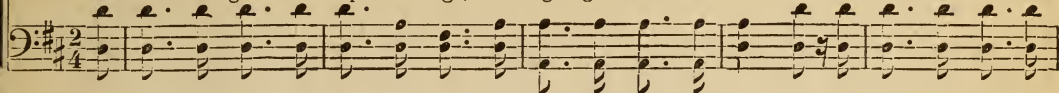
27

MRS. MARY E. KAIL.

R. B. MAHAFFEY.

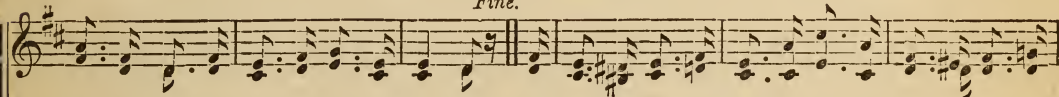


1. We are a lit - tle pil - grim band, We're going to work for Je - sus; We join to - geth - er
2. 'Tis not too ear - ly to be - gin, We're going to work for Je - sus; To save us from the
3. And when we grow to rip - er age, We're going to work for Je - sus; His love shall all our

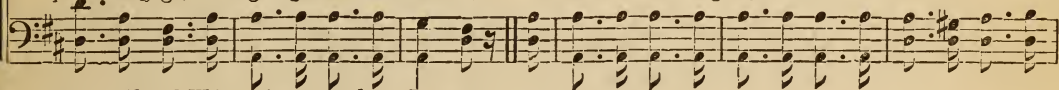


D.C. We are a lit - tle pil - grim band, We're going to work for Je - sus; We join to - geth - er

Fine.



heart and hand, We're going to work for Je - sus; And if we're always firm and true, We know He'll give us
paths of sin, We're going to work for Je - sus; We hear the bless - ed Sa - vior say, Oh! lit - tle chil - dren,
pow'r's engage, We're going to work for Je - sus; And when our working days are o'er, And we shall reach the

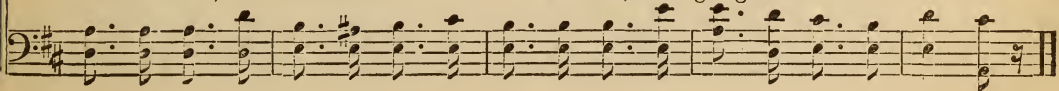


heart and hand, We're going to work for Je - sus.

D.C.



work to do, And teach us how to serve him too, We're going to work for Je - sus.
come a - way, Oh! come and learn of me to - day, We're going to work for Je - sus.
bliss - ful shore, We'll dwell with Him for - ev - er more, We're going to dwell with Je - sus.



REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMANN.

A. W. WILLIAMS.

1. If we are Christ's, we fear no loss, If we are His all else is dross;
 2. If we are Christ's, our tri - als here Will serve to bring the Sa - vior near;
 3. If we are Christ's, then what are frowns? They on - ly make more bright our crowns;

We'll no - bly bear the scorn and shame, The world may cast up - on His name.
 And when we reach tempt - a - tion's hour, He will make known His sa - ving pow'r.
 For we shall reap, when free from care, A great - er weight of glo - ry there.

Fine.

D.S. And nev - er lay the bur - den down Till we ex - change it for the crown.

CHORUS.

If we are Christ's, then wel - come loss; If we are His, we'll bear the cross.

D.S.

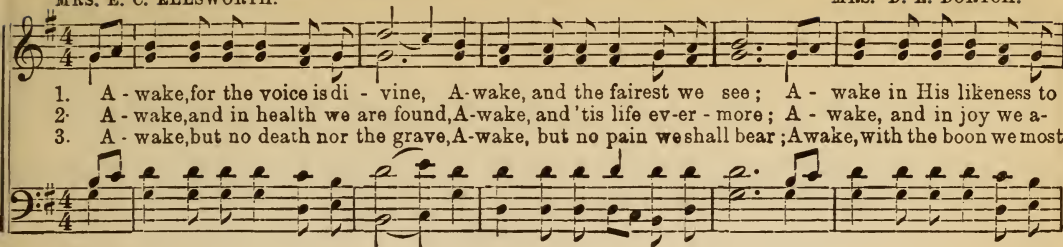
AWAKE, AND SATISFIED.

29

I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Thy likeness.—Ps, 17 : 15.

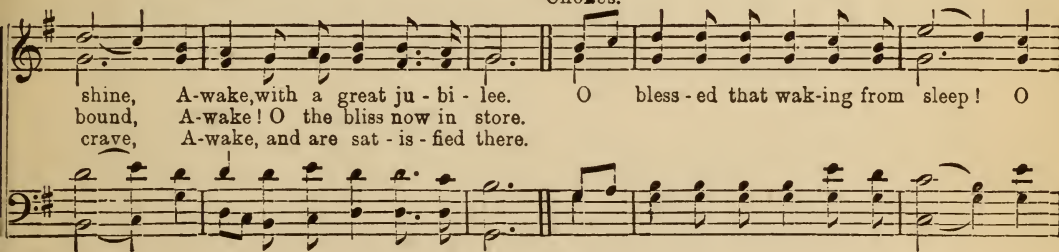
MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

MRS. D. E. DORTCH.

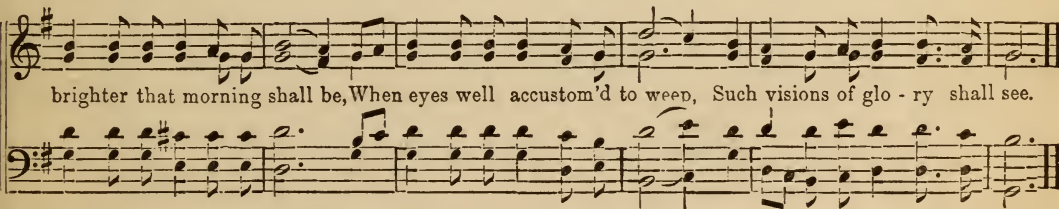


1. A - wake, for the voice is di - vine, A - wake, and the fairest we see ; A - wake in His likeness to
 2. A - wake, and in health we are found, A - wake, and 'tis life ev - er - more ; A - wake, and in joy we a -
 3. A - wake, but no death nor the grave, A - wake, but no pain we shall bear ; A wake, with the boon we most

CHORUS.



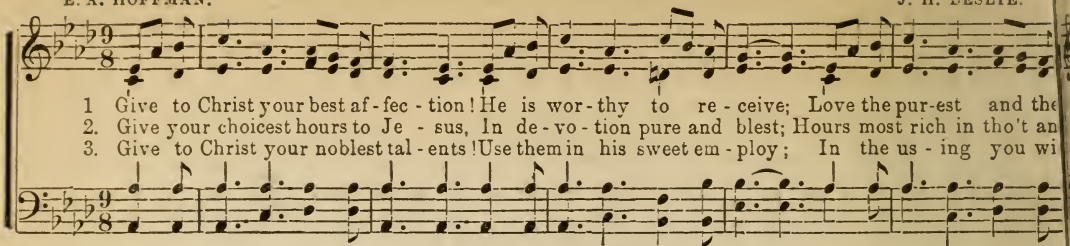
shine, A - wake, with a great ju - bi - lee. O bless - ed that wak - ing from sleep ! O
 bound, A - wake ! O the bliss now in store.
 crave, A - wake, and are sat - is - fied there.



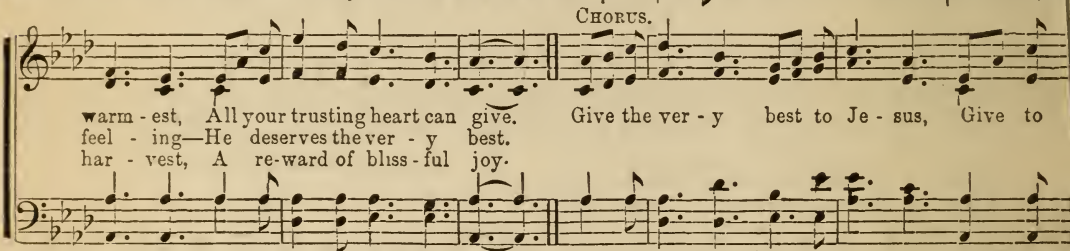
brighter that morning shall be, When eyes well accus - tom'd to weep, Such visions of glo - ry shall see.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

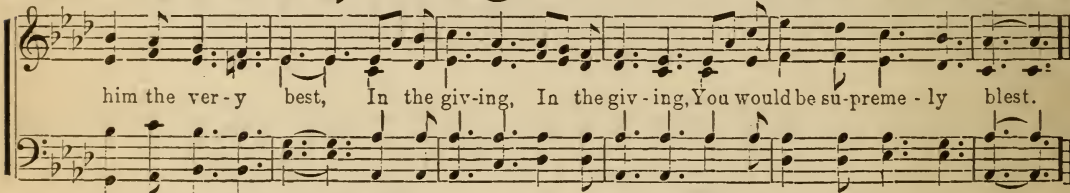
J. H. LESLIE.



1 Give to Christ your best af-fec-tion! He is wor-thy to re-ceive; Love the pur-est and the
 2 Give your choicest hours to Je-sus, In de-vo-tion pure and blest; Hours most rich in tho't and
 3 Give to Christ your noblest tal-ents! Use them in his sweet em-ploy; In the us-ing you will



CHORUS.
 warm-est, All your trusting heart can give. Give the ver-y best to Je-sus, Give to
 feel-ing—He deserves the ver-y best.
 har-vest, A re-ward of bliss-ful joy.



him the ver-y best, In the giv-ing, In the giv-ing, You would be su-preme-ly blest.

4. Give your influence to the Savior!
 Bring no stain upon His name,
 By a heart untrue and faithless,
 By a life of sin and shame.—*Cho.*

5. Give your soul, your all to Jesus,
 As a willing sacrifice;
 Your reward shall be a mansion,
 In the shining Paradise.—*Cho.*

*From "Songs of Faith," by per.

BE NEAR ME.

31

EZEK, 34: 11, 12, 16, 30, 31.

Words and Music by CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Sa-vior, I am lost with-out thee, I can nev-er go a-lone; I must have thine arm to
2. Sa-vior, thou hast love a-bound-ing, Thou does know me ver-y well; Oh for-give me when I
3. I am of-ten sad and wea-ry, And the way seems ver-y drear; But I know that while I

CHORUS.

lead me In the way that thou has shown. Sa-vior do not now for-sake me,
wan-der, So that I with thee may dwell.
love thee, Thou wilt al-ways tar-ry near.

Oh be with me to the end, I am safe when thou art near me, When thou dost my ways attend.

Words arranged.

For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain. —PHIL. 1: 21.

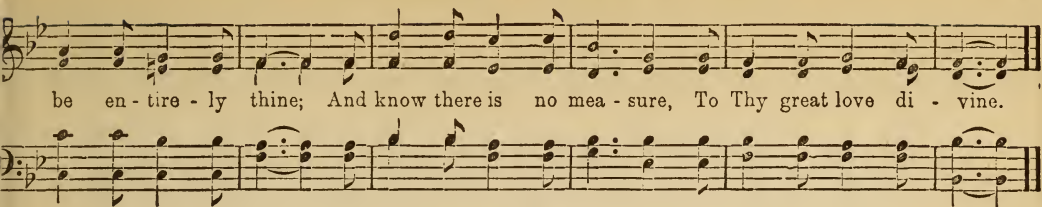
J. H. TENNEY.

1. 'Tis sweet to take from Je - sus, What-ev - er He may send; 'Tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, O
 2. 'Tis sweet to think of Je - sus, When earthly shadows mock; 'Tis sweet to lean on Je - sus, Th
 3. 'Tis sweet to know that Je - sus, Will hear us when we pray; And an - swer our pe - ti-tions, Al

ev - er pres - ent friend; The more we are in - debt - ed, The more he will be - stow, If
 soul's e - ter - nal Rock; And while our days are pass - ing, We would not bid them stay, We
 guide us day by day; Tho' trembling in the darkness, Our hands can clasp his own, And

CHORUS.

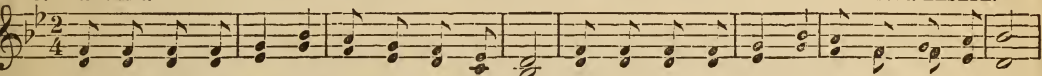
hum - bly we ap - proach Him, And ask His love to know. 'Tis sweet, O bless - ed Je - sus, To
 long to cross death's riv - er, And be with Christ for aye.
 light will burst up - on us, From His e - ter - nal throne.



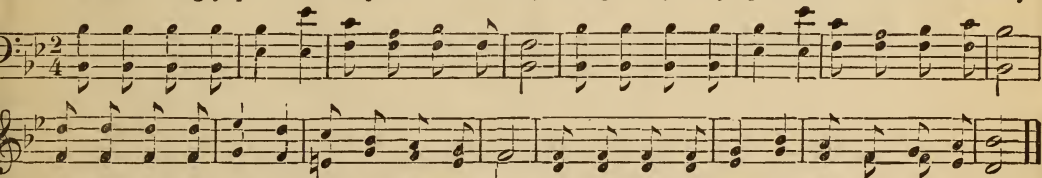
JESUS, GENTLE SHEPHERD.

J. H. LESLIE.

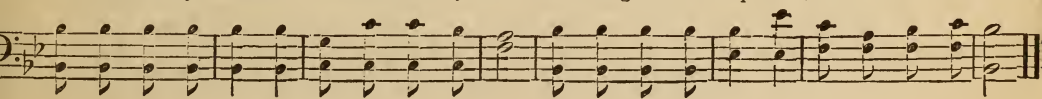
J. H. LESLIE.



1. Je-sus, gen-tle Shepherd, Hear our songs of praise; While to Thee our voi-ces, Cheerful-ly we raise;
2. Guide us in the path-way, Leading up to Thee; Gen-tle, meek and low-ly, Ev-er may we be;
3. When our angry pas-sions Tempt us far to stray; Bring us by Thy spir-it, To the nar-row way



We would be thy children, Keep us from all wrong; Je-sus, gen-tle Shep-herd, Lis-ten to our song.
 Praise to Thee we of-fer, For Thy ten-der care; Je-sus, gen-tle Shep-herd, Hear our humble prayer.
 Lead us safe-ly on-ward, To the heav'nly shore; Je-sus, gen-tle Shep-herd, Save us ev-er-more.



REV. J. H. MARTIN.

W. F. WERSCHKUL.

Allegro.

1. There is a gate that stands a-jar, And thro' the shin-ing por-tal, There streams a radi-
 2. There is a radiance clear, di-vine, The dazzling light of Je-sus, Whose glo-ries with
 3. And ev-er thro' that o-pen door, There is a lus-tre gleaming, The rays of splen-

from a-far, The light of life im-mor-tal; We look a-bove, and thro' the door We
 ful-gence shine, Whose charms and beauties please us; I long to soar and en-ter in, Pass
 down-ward pour, Ce-les-tial glo-ry beam-ing; O let me mount and up-ward fly, Pass

see the lus-tre gleam-ing, A brightness from the heav'nly shore, Ce-les-tial glo-ry beam-ing.
 thro' the shin-ing por-tal, And there redeem'd from death and sin, Receive a crown im-mor-tal.
 thro' the shin-ing por-tal, And in that world beyond the sky, Partake of joys im-mor-tal.

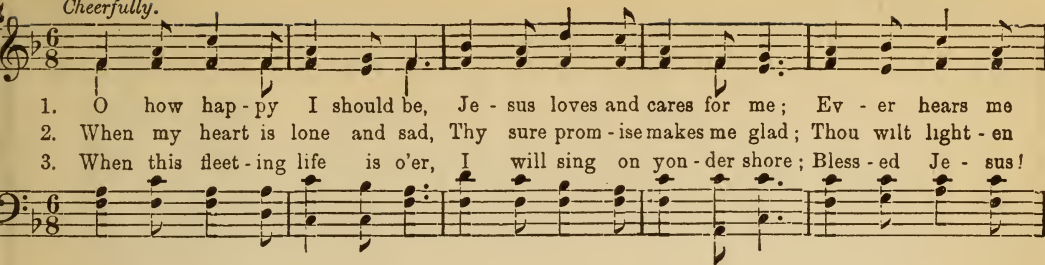
BLESSED JESUS.

35

O. F. P.

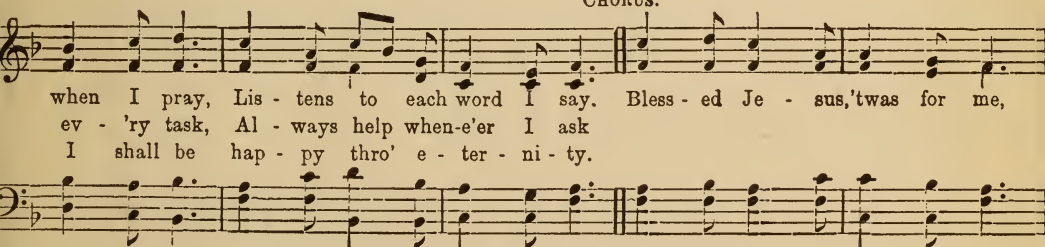
OTIS F. PRESBREY.

Cheerfully.

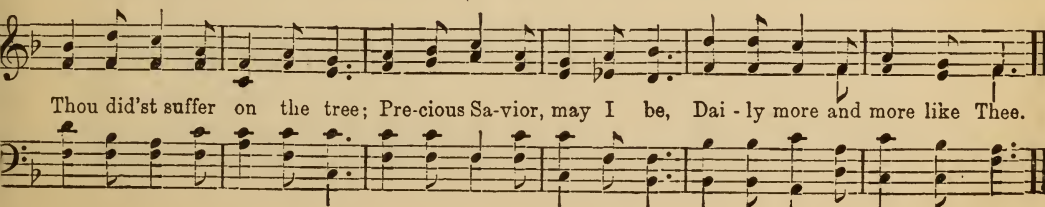


1. O how hap-py I should be, Je - sus loves and cares for me; Ev - er hears me
2. When my heart is lone and sad, Thy sure prom - isemakes me glad; Thou wilt light - en
3. When this fleet - ing life is o'er, I will sing on yon - der shore; Bless - ed Je - sus!

CHORUS.



when I pray, Lis - tens to each word I say. Bless - ed Je - sus,'twas for me,
ev - 'ry task, Al - ways help when-e'er I ask
I shall be hap - py thro' e - ter - ni - ty.



Thou did'st suffer on the tree; Pre - cious Sa - vior, may I be, Dai - ly more and more like Thee.

O THAT SWEET DAY.

VINNIE VERNON.

Cheerfully.

CHAS. JAEKEL.

1. Sad soul, be strong! ere long, ere long, Thy burdened pray'r shall end in song! The day draws near,
 2. Wait on thy Lord! rest in His word, He will all need-ful grace af-ford; E'en while you pray,
 3. In ev-'ry grief twill give re-lief To know, tho' sharp, it must be brief; In ev-'ry care wh
 4. 'Twill soon be o'er! no more, no more, Shall thy sad heart sin's work de-plore; Let doubts all cease;

CHORUS.

day so dear, Take cour-age, heart, 'twill soon be here. Oh, that sweet day, when Christ shall say, "Cor
 long-ings may Be still'd in hope of that sweet day.
 thou must share, This thought will help thee bravely bear.
 per-fect peace Shall an-ti-dote thy soul's re-lease.

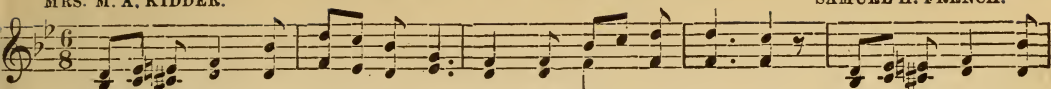
faith-ful one, a-way, a-way!" What glad surprise awaits our eyes In that dear land of Par-a-dise!

THEN DO I LOVE JESUS.

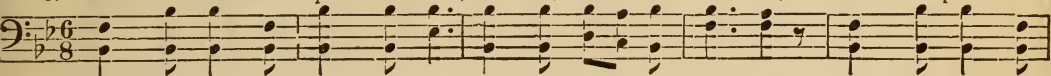
37

MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

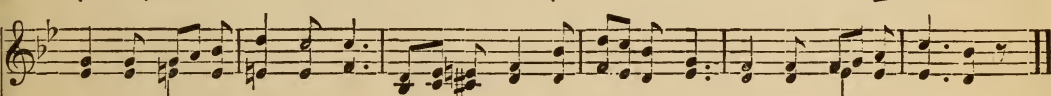
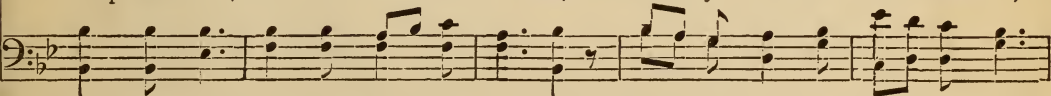
SAMUEL H. FRENCH.



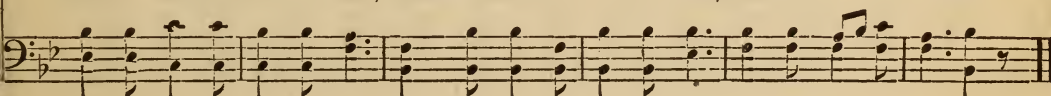
1. When I think of Je - sus' love, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus; How He came from
2. When I feel my sins for-giv'n, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus; When I read or
3. When he sends his spir - it down, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus; When He points to



heav'n a - bove, Then do I love Je - sus; When I know he died for me,
sing of heav'n, Then do I love Je - sus; When he bids me come and rest,
harp and crown, Then do I love Je - sus; When my tri - als all are o'er,



On the hill of Cal - va - ry, Died to set my spir - it free, Then do I love Je - sus.
On His kind and lov - ing breast, When my long - ing heart is blest, Then do I love Je - sus.
When I reach the oth - er shore, There to dwell for - ev - er more, Then will I love Je - sus.



HOSANNA TO JESUS.

And the multitudes that went before, and that followed, cried, saying, Hosanna to the son of David. —MATT. 21: 9.
 Rev. ROBERT KERR. D. E. DORTCH.

Con Spirito.

1. Ho - san - na to Je - sus, Our Sa - vior and King, No
 2. All wor - thy is Je - sus, Whose life has been giv'n, From
 3. All hon - or to Je - sus, The pow'r of whose love. From

D. C. Ho - san - na to Je - sus, Our Sa - vior and King, No

Fine.

theme can so please us, And cause us to sing: We'll tell of His might and we'll
 sin to re-lease us, And fit us for heav'n To Him that was slain yet the
 Sa - tan now frees us, And guilt can re - move: Our hearts be His throne and our

theme can so please us, And cause us to sing.

D. C.

sing of His love, And swell the new song of the ran-som'd a - bove.
 an - cient of days, Be glo - ry and bless - ing, do - min - ion and praise.
 lives be this song, To tell all the world un - to whom we be - long.

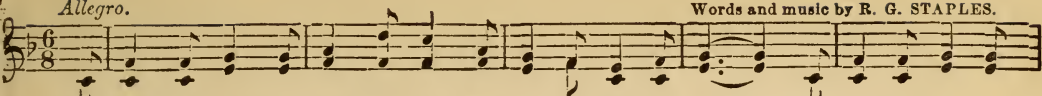
WE HASTE TO SABBATH SCHOOL.

39

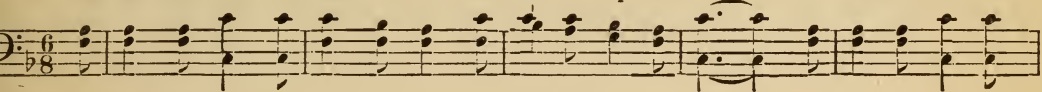
Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house. —Ps. 84:4.

Allegro.

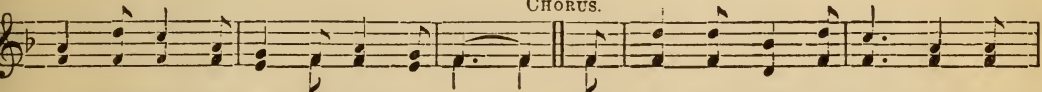
Words and music by R. G. STAPLES.



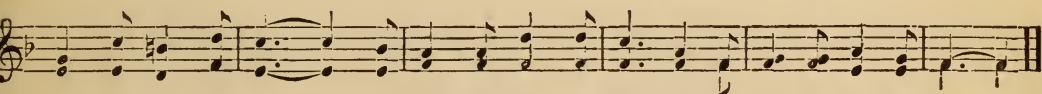
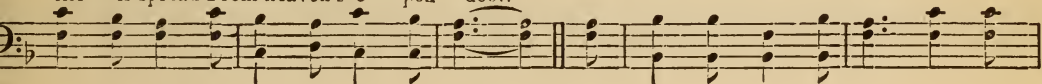
1. Each morn of God's most ho - ly day, We haste to Sab-bath school; To learn of Christ, the
2. 'Tis not to id - ly pass a - way, The precious moments giv'n; We meet up - on this
3. 'Tis here the word of truth is read, And treasur'd up in store; 'Tis here the bread of



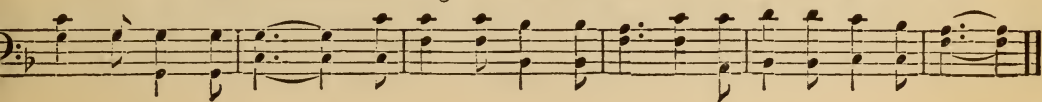
CHORUS.



liv - ing way, Who gave the gold - en rule, Dear Je - sus, pre - cious Sa - vior, Our
sa - cred day, The best of all the seven.
life is spread From heaven's o - pen door.



ev - er con - stant friend; In songs of a - do - ra - tion, Our voi - ces we will blend.



HAPPY HOME ABOVE.

J. H. LESLIE.

Cheerfully.

1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign, E - ter-nal day ex
 2. There ev - er - last-ing spring abides, And nev-er with'ring flow'rs, Death like a nar - row
 3. Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er, Not Jordan's stream no

REFRAIN.

cludes the night, And pleasures banish pain. Happy home, hap-py home Where
 sea divides, This heav'nly land from ours.
 death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore. Happy home, happy home,

all is joy and love, Happy home, happy home, My bles - sed home above.
 Happy home, Happy home.

WILL YOU COME TO THE CROSS.

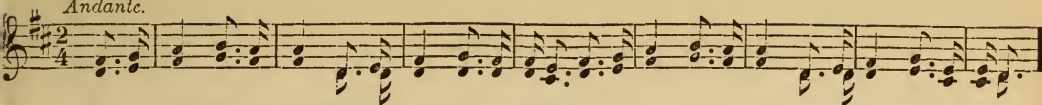
41

MARY E. KAIL.

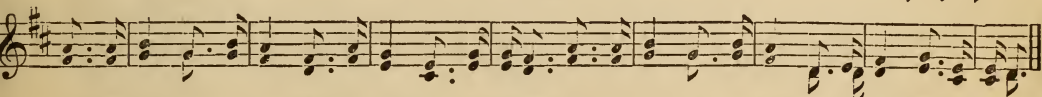
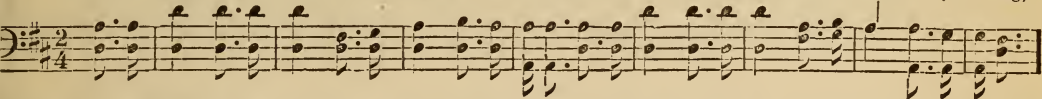
Andante.

To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts. —HEB. 4: 7.

J. H. LESLIE.

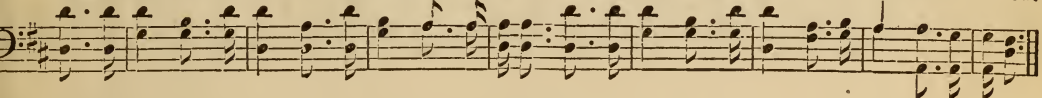


1. Sin-ner, come to the cross, For the moments are flying While around ev-ery where, Careless sinners are dying;
2. Will you come, sin-ner come, And ac-cept of the glory With thanksgiving and praise, Hear redemption's glad story;
3. Let the good news go home, That the lost are returning, While salvation's bright lamp Is so brilliant-ly burning;

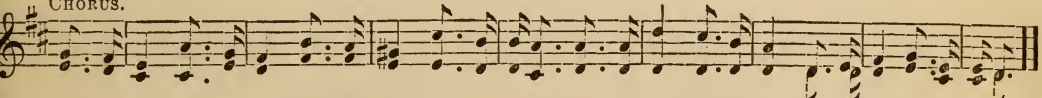


Je - sus calls you to-day, Will you glad-ly receive him? All he asks you to do, Is to trust and believe him,
Learn the dear Savior's love, And His strength to deliver, From the thralldom of sin, And to save you for-ev-er.

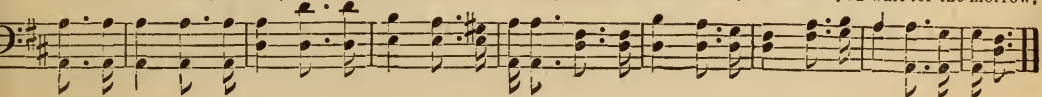
Come to Je - sus just now, With your bur-den of sorrow, For too late it may be, Should you wait for the morrow.



CHORUS.



Come to Je - sus just now, With your bur-den of sorrow, For too late it may be Should you wait for the morrow,



MRS. M. E. B. SATTERLEE.

S. L. TYLER

Andante.

1. Bright-ly shines the gol-den light, In our home be-yond the riv - er; Nev-er falls a shade of night, There
2. Fair - est flow'rs in con-stant bloom, In our home be-yond the riv - er; Fill the air with sweet per-fume, And t

cloud-less day for - ev - er; Sweetest mu - sic fills the air, In our home be-yond the riv-er, Harps of gold are ring-in,
beau - ty fad-eth nev - er; All is beau - ty, sweetness, joy, In our home be-yond the riv-er, Love and peace without a

CHORUS.

there, Prais - es to the Lamb for - ev - er. Would you en - ter, Je - sus stands At the door with outstretch'd hands.
loy, Thrills the heav'n-ly heart for - ev - er.

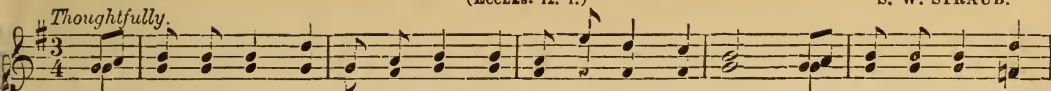
REMEMBER JESUS.

(ECCLES. 12: 1.)

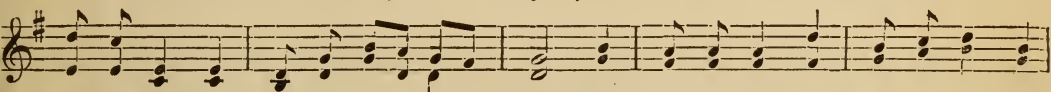
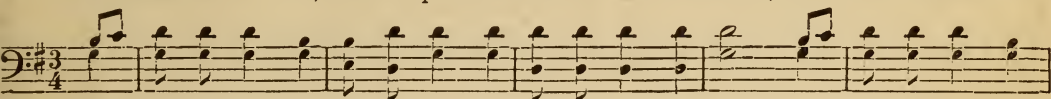
S. W. STRAUB.

43

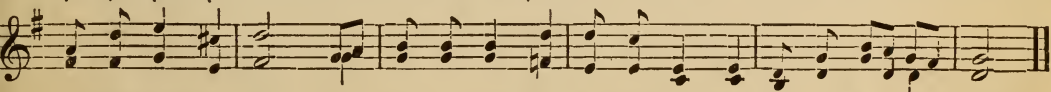
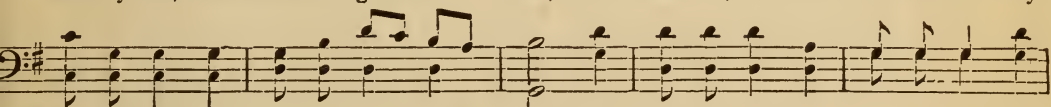
Thoughtfully.



1. Re - mem-ber Je - sus now, dear child, While thou art young and gay, For - get Him not in
2. Re - mem-ber Je - sus, learn to seek, And learn to love Him now, While ros - es bloom up -
3. Re - mem-ber Je - sus, there's a place For Thee on His kind breast, When thou art wea - ried



all thy wild And mer - ry hours of play; Then in the dark and cloud - y years, Those
on thy cheek, And sun - shine lights thy brow; While yet thy young, fresh heart beats high With
with thy race, He then will give thee rest; Go to Him, ask him now to make Thy

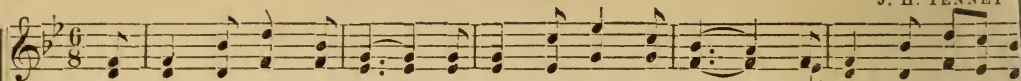


bright eyes yet may see, To hush thy sighs and wipe thy tears, He will re - mem - ber Thee.
hope and joy and love, Dear child, thy home is in the sky, Oh lift thy thoughts a - bove.
youth - ful heart His own, Then all thy e - vil ways for - sake, And wor - ship at His throne,

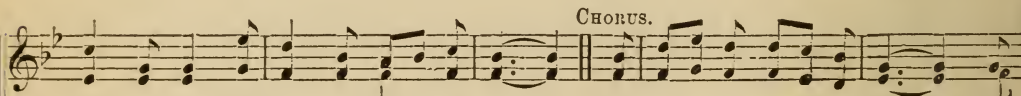
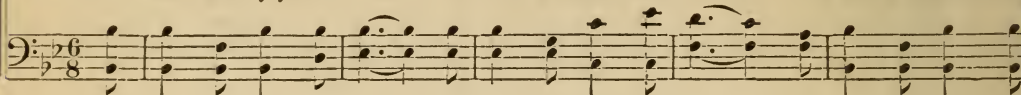


'TIS WITH THE RIGHTEOUS WELL.

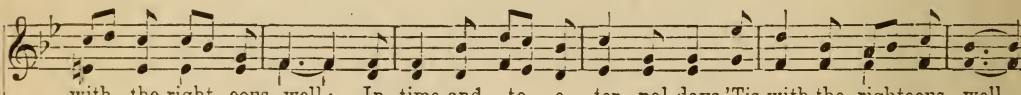
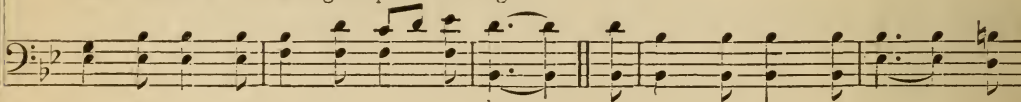
J. H. TENNEY



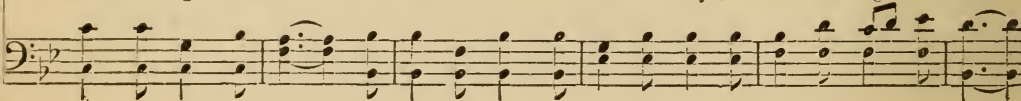
1. What cheer - ing words are these, Their sweetness who can tell? In time and to e -
2. Well when they see His face, Or sink a - mid'st the flood; Well in af - flic - tion'
3. 'Tis well when joys a - rise, 'Tis well when sor - rows flow; 'Tis well when dark - nes



ter - nal days, "Tis with the right - eous well!" 'Tis with the right - eous well. 'Tis
 thorn - y maze, Or on the mount of God.
 vails the skies And strong tempta - tions grow.



with the right - eous well; In time and to e - ter - nal days, 'Tis with the righteous well.



IN THE FIERY FURNACE.

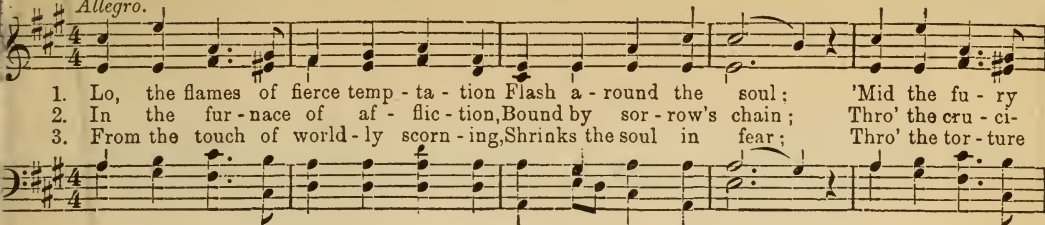
45

Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace.—DANIEL 3:17.

MRS. E. G. ELLSWORTH.

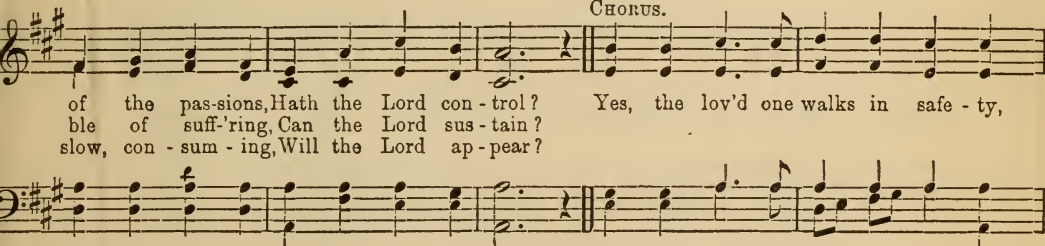
J. H. LESLIE.

Allegro.



1. Lo, the flames of fierce temp - ta - tion Flash a - round the soul; 'Mid the fu - ry
 2. In the fur - nace of af - flic - tion, Bound by sor - row's chain; Thro' the cru - ci -
 3. From the touch of world - ly scorn - ing, Shrinks the soul in fear; Thro' the tor - ture

CHORUS.



of the pas-sions, Hath the Lord con - trol? Yes, the lov'd one walks in safe - ty,
 ble of suff- ring, Can the Lord sus - tain?
 slow, con - sum - ing, Will the Lord ap - pear?



Walks, but not a - lone; Lo, a form di - vine, and comely, Shields from harm His own.

MARY TORRENCE.

WILBUR A. CHRISTY

Cheerfully.

1. A-round me oft, . . . tho'winds may blow, . . . And mad'ning waves . . . rush to and fro; .
 2. Tho'thunders roar . . . and lightnings flash, . . . Tho' fear-ful storms . . . may round me crash;
 3. Tho'wa-ters deep may round me roll, . . . They have no pow'r to harm my soul;

1. Around me oft, tho'winds may blow, And mad'ning waves rush to and fro
 2. Tho'thunders roar, and lightnings flash, Tho' fearful storms may round me crash
 3. Tho'waters deep may round me roll, They have no pow'r to harm my soul

I will not fear, . . . tho' fierce the shock, . . . For He hath set . . . me on a rock. . .
 At all their rage I well may mock, . . . For He hath set . . . me on a rock. . .
 I rest se-cure be-neath their shock, . . . For He hath set . . . me on a rock. . .

I will not fear, tho' fierce the shock, For He hath set, hath set me on a rock
 At all their rage I well may mock, I well may mock, For He hath set, hath set me on a rock
 I rest secure beneath their shock, For He hath set, hath set me on a rock

CHORUS.

O wea-ry heart, . . . that's battled long, . . . With hosts of sin . . . be brave and strong. . .

Oh weary heart that's battled long, With hosts of sin be brave and strong.

Rit.

Look up to God, . . . A-mid the shock, . . And He will set . . . thee on a rock. . . .

Look up to God, Amid the shock, And He will set, will set thee on a rock.

THE MASTER CALLETH.

CHAS. GEESEY.

"The Master is come and calleth for thee."—JOHN 11:28.

R. B. MAHAFFEY.

We hear Thy tender, loving voice, Which saith "Come unto me," That I may all your burdens bear, And let your souls be free.
We know we've wander'd far away Upon forbidden ground. But we rejoice, O blessed thought, Thou may'st be always found.
Oh, wondrous love! Oh, grace divine! That saves us from the fall, While mercy stands, with outstretch'd hands, We will accept the [call.]

CHORUS.

Coming, bless-ed Je-sus, Coming now to Thee, Coming, yes, we're com-ing, Thro' Thy grace so free.

E. R. LATTA.

Sprightly.

1. Ev-en as Jo-si-ah, In his ear-ly youth, Gave his heart to wis-dom, And the ways of
 2. Ev-en as Jo-si-ah, Ear-ly sought his God, In the paths of vir-tue, Faithful-ly he
 3. Ev-en as Jo-si-ah, In his ear-ly reign, Ban-ish'd heathen i-dols, From his wide do-

So may lit-tle chil-dren, Serve Je-ho-vah now, He will own their ser-vice, He will hear their
 So may lit-tle chil-dren, Seek and serve Him still, He will bless and save them, If they do His
 We should quickly ban-ish, Ev-'ry i-dol, sin, Mak-ing room for Je-sus, Now to er-ter i-

CHORUS.

Neith-er to the right Nor the left we'll stray; Walking like Jo-si-ah In the nar-row way.

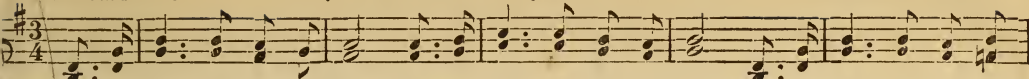
MANSIONS BRIGHT.

49

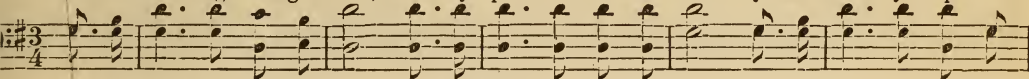
REV. W. T. DALE.

In my Father's house are many mansions. —JOHN 14: 2.

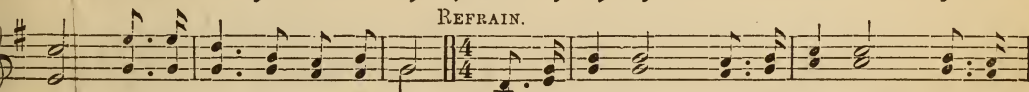
REV. W. T. DALE.



1. In my Fath-er's house on high, There are man - y man-sions fair; And your home be-yond the
2. And if I pre-pare your home, Sure-ly I will come a - gain; And be-neath my pal - ace
3. Blest Re-deem-er when shall I Be per-mit - ted to ap-pear; In the por - tals of the
4. While the coming a - ges roll, Let my spir - it be at rest; Joy - ful let my rap - tur'd



REFRAIN.



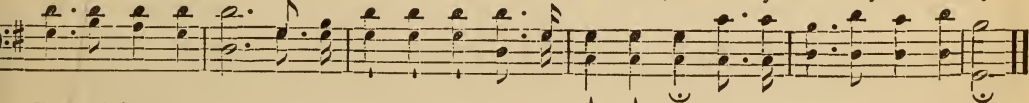
sky, I am go - ing to pre-pare. There are man-sions, there are man-sions, In my
dome, You shall each en - joy my reign.
sky, To be - hold my dwell - ing there.
soul, Wor-ship Thee a - mong the blest.



There are man-sions bright, There are mansions bright, In my



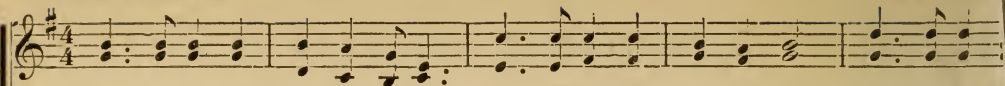
Fa-ther's house on high; There are man-sions, There are man-sions, In my home be-yond the sky.



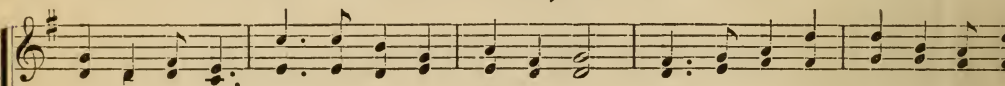
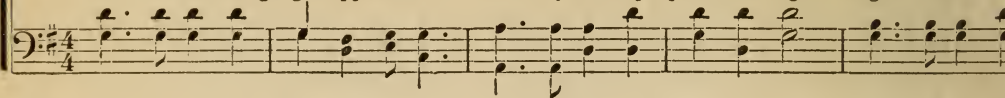
Fa-ther's house on high; There are mansions bright, There are mansions bright, In my home beyond the sky.

INA M. SCHAEFFER.

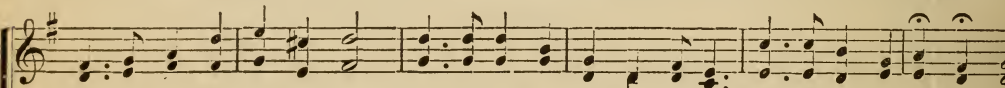
J. H. LESLIE



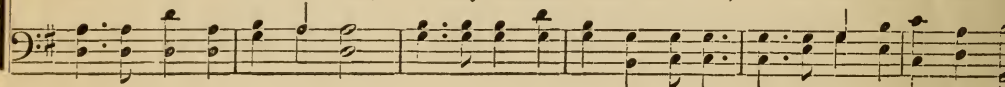
1. When the tempest gathers round me, And the sea is dashed to foam, When the lightning
 2. When the waves are madly dashing, And the darkness veils the skies, When in wild d
 3. As the morning light approaches Slow - ly dis - ap - pears the night, Bright across th



flash a-bove me, And the thunder shakes the dome; 'Mid the fierce and wild com-mo-tion,
 pair and anguish, Burn-ing teardrops blind my eyes; From a - far, be - yond the o - cean
 foaming billows, Gleams the steadfast bea-con light; Soon I'll reach the crys-tal har-bor,



While the raging billows toss, Comes to me a gen-tle whisper, There is shelter near the cross.
 Tho' the billows wild-ly toss, Comes to me in sweetest accents, There is shelter near the cross.
 Pur - i - fied from sin and dross, Where my soul shall rest for - ev - er, In the shelter of the cross.



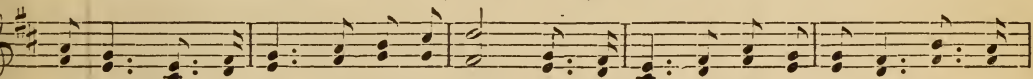
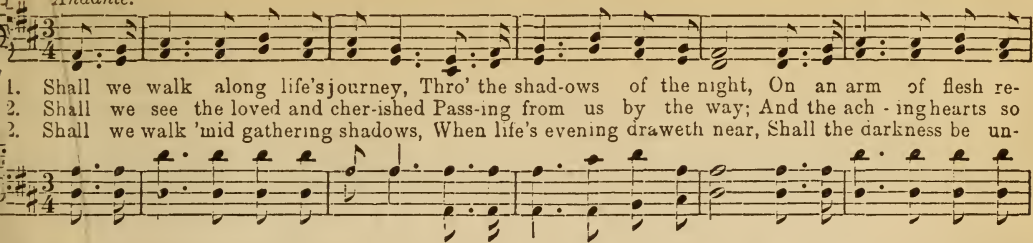
OUR PROMISED HELP.

51

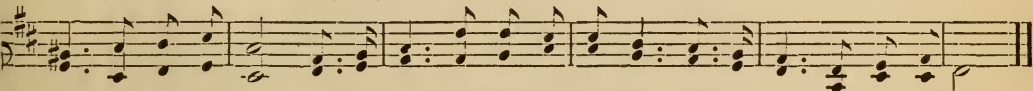
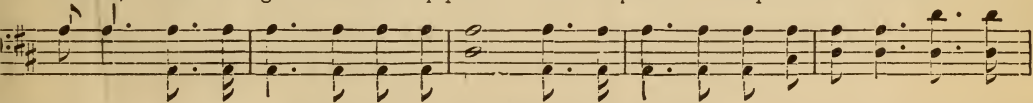
R. J. BIXBY.
Andante.

But in me is thine help. —Hos, 13:9.

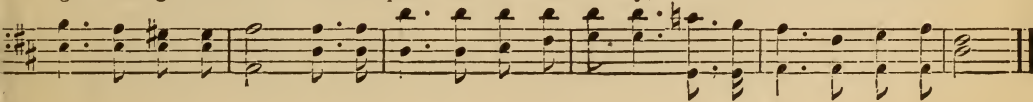
R. B. MAHAFFEY.



ly-ing Trust-ing on - ly hu-man might? No, the prom-is'd help of Je - sus Shall sus-
wea-ry, Find no so - lace day by day? Yet, the prom-is'd help of Je - sus Shall sus-
brok-en, Will no light for us ap-pear? Then the prom-is'd help of Je - sus As a

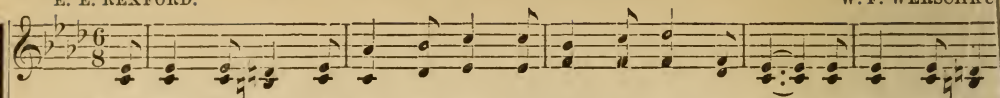


tain us day by day; In the bat-tle's wild com-mo-tion, Thro' the fierce-ness of the fray.
tain us e - ven then, Thro' his grace, which crown'd them victors; We shall meet them all a-gain.
light shall guide us o'er, To the pure ce - les-tial cit - y, O - ver on the oth-er shore.

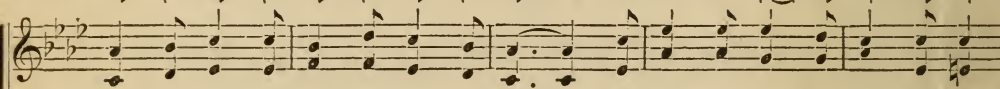
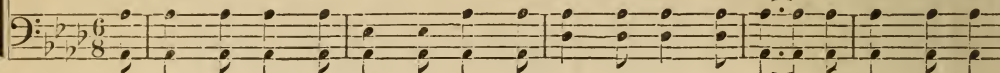


E. E. REXFORD.

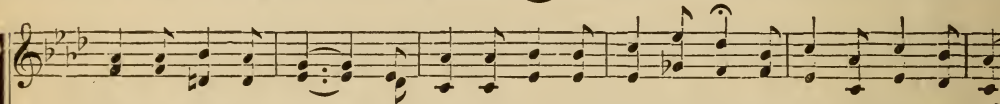
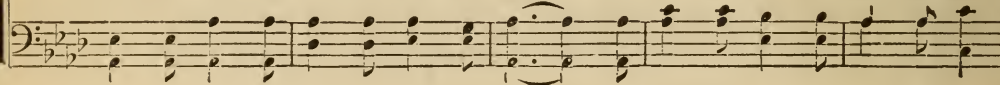
W. F. WERSCHKU



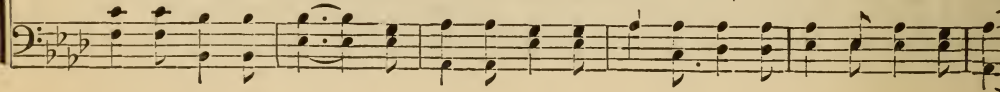
1. When we grow wea - ry, and the way Looks dark be - fore our feet, We hear our Fath
2. The way will not seem hard and long, If trust - ful - ly each day We sing some brave
3. Kind words to strengthen droop - ing souls, Thank God, we all may give, And in each help



soft - ly say, In ten - der words so sweet; Be strong of heart, Oh child of mine, W
 hap - py song, And do the good we may; So let us cheer the faint - ing hearts, C
 deed we do, A no - bler life we live; So let us do the best we can, Wl



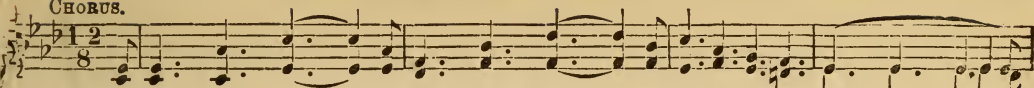
brave - ly while you roam, Re - mem - ber at the day's de - cline, There's rest for you at home.
 wea - ry ones who roam, And help them as we glad - ly sing, There's rest for us at home.
 thro' the world we roam, Re - mem - ber when the work is done, There's rest for us at home.



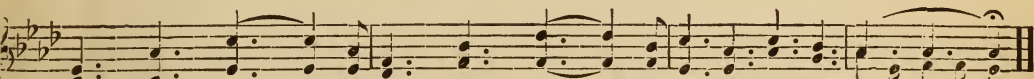
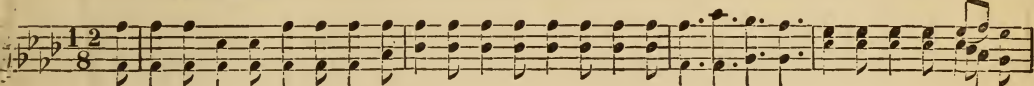
THERE'S REST FOR THEE AT HOME.—Concluded.

53

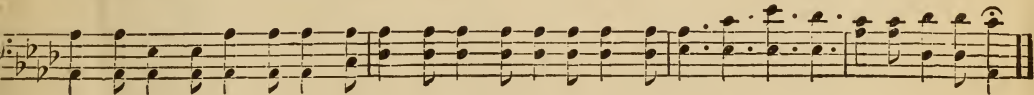
CHORUS.



We're go - ing home some hap - py day! Oh child no long-er roam, The
We're go-ing home some happy day, We're going home some happy day, Oh child no longer roam, no long-er roam, The



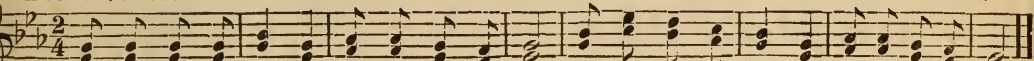
Fa - ther's ten - der voice will say, There's rest for you at home. . . .
Fa-ther's ten - der voice will say, The Fa-ther's ten - der voice will say, There's rest for you, There's rest for you at home.



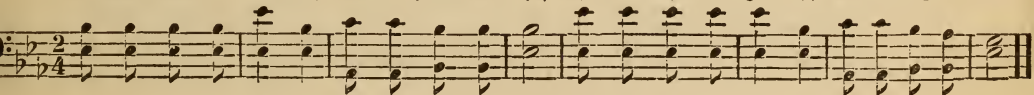
WE MUST WORK FOR JESUS.

HELEN F. SHAW.

ANN DANTE.



1. We must work for Je - sus, Now, and ev - 'ry day, For the pre-cious mo-ments Quickly pass a - way.
2. Oth - er lit - tle chil-dren, We must gath-er in From the homes of sor - row, From the paths of sin.
3. We must work for Je - sus, All our youth-ful days, By and by in glo - ry, We will sing His praise.



THERE'S A FRIEND.*

B. M. McKINNEY.

Be of good courage. Ps. 27: 14.

R. B. MAHAFFY

1. There's a friend in ev' - ry sorrow, There's a balm for ev' - ry woe, There's a bliss for each to - mor -
 2. Fainting multitudes have bless'd Him, For He turn'd their grief to joy, Filthy lepers cleans'd in m -
 3. When we cross the rolling billows, Jordan's river swelling high, Who will crown us heirs of glo -

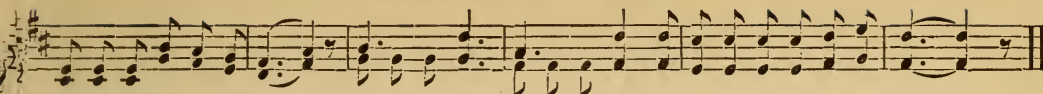
Trust in Je - sus as you go; He, who walking on the wa - ter, E'en on Gal - i - lee's dark w
 Rais'd to life the widow's boy; Pray - ing on the lonely mountain, More than this He did for m
 In the land be - yond the sky? When we reach the heav'nly cit - y, Who will take us by the ha

CHORUS.
 At the call of doubting Peter, Stretch'd his mighty arm to save. Je - sus, Je - sus, A
 Shed His blood to buy my ran - som, Dy - ing on the curs - ed tree.
 Who will give the welcome plau - dit, In the bless - ed glo - ry land? Jesus, our friend. Jesus, our friend,

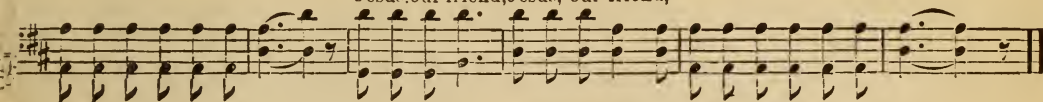
* From "GOSPEL ECHOES" by per.

THERE'S A FRIEND.—Concluded.

55



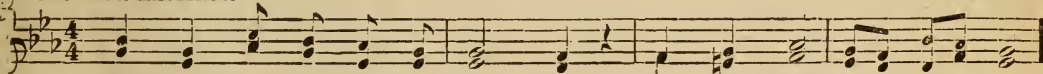
Friend that is faithful and true, Je - sus, Je - sus, He suffer'd for me and for you.
Jesus, our friend, Jesus, our friend,



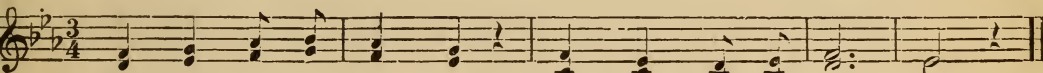
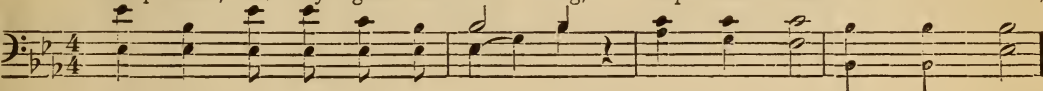
TAKE THESE LAMBS.

DR. THOS. HASTINGS.

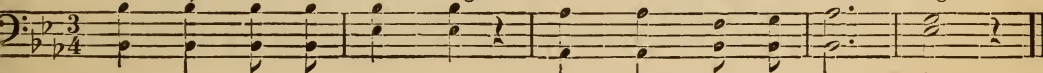
A. W. WILLIAMS.



1. Shep - herd, while Thy flocks are feed - ing, Take these lambs In Thine arms;
2. Now the storm of life is low - 'ring, Night and day, Beasts of prey;
3. Shep - herd, ev - 'ry grace com - bin - ing, Keep these lambs In Thine arms;



Now for shel - ter plead - ing, Now for shel - ter plead - ing.
Lurk - ing are de - vour - ing, Lurk - ing are de - vour - ing.
On Thee safe re - clin - ing, On Thee safe re - clin - ing.



REV. S. Y. HARMER,
In "Christian Standard and Home Journal,"

JOHN T. GRAHAM

1. Wa - ters from the smitten rock, Flowing, sweetly flow - ing, To re - fresh the thirst - y
 2. Je - sus calls, "Come un - to me, Thirsty souls come hith - er; Liv - ing wa - ters, flow - ing
 3. Bless - ed fount of sav - ing grace, All the world may venture; All in Christ may have a p

Thro' the des - ert go - ing. See its streams how high they rise, For the faint and dy - in
 Drink and live for - ev - er." From the rock the wa - ters rise, O - pen'd is the foun - ta.
 In this glori - ous cen - tre. Sav - ing mer - cies now a - bound, Je - sus is the giv - er

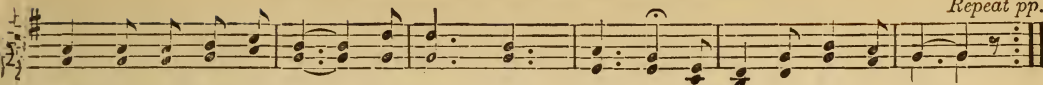
CHORUS.

Streaming forth be - fore our eyes, Ev - 'ry want sup - ply - ing. 'Tis flow - ing. flow - ing, 'Ti
 Je - sus of - fers full sup - plies, Come to Zi - on's mountain.
 I this pard'ning love have found, Praise His name for - ev - er. 'Tis flow - ing, sweetly flow - ing, 'Ti

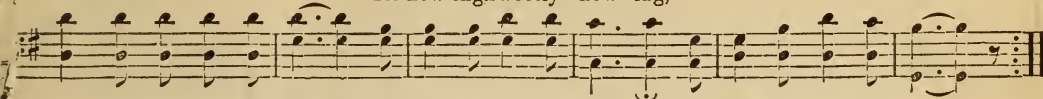
THE SMITTEN ROCK.—Concluded.

57

Repeat pp.



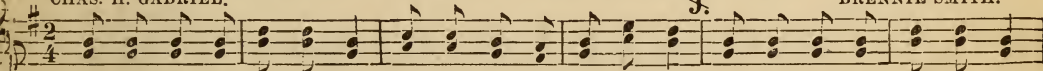
flow - ing boundless and free; 'Tis flow - ing, flow - ing, 'Tis flow-ing now for thee.
'Tis flow-ing, sweetly flow - ing,



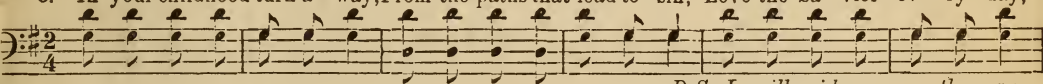
LET THE LITTLE CHILDREN COME.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

BRENNIE SMITH.



1. Let the lit - tle chil-dren come, And for - bid them not the right, As they jour-ney on their way,
2. Children, lis - ten to the call, And o - bey the Lord's command, Come and go with Him to - day,
3. In your childhood turn a - way, From the paths that lead to sin; Love the Sa - vior ev - 'ry day,



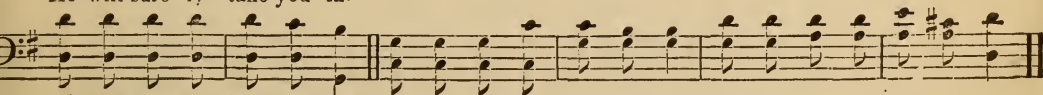
D.S. I will guide you on the way,

Fine. CHORUS.

D.S.



Guid-ed by the Sa-vior's light. Hear the voice of Je - sus say, Let the lit - tle chil-dren come;
He will take you by the hand.
He will sure - ly take you in.

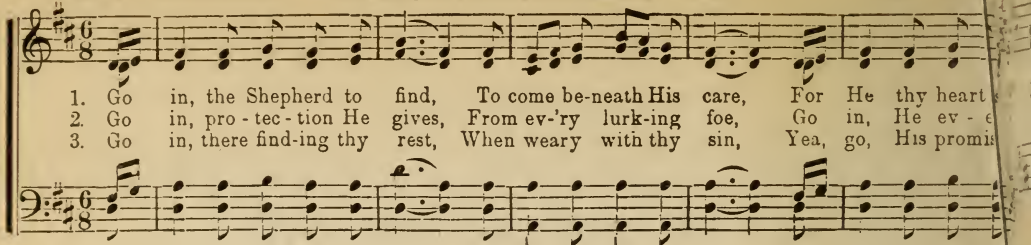


I will safe - ly lead you home.

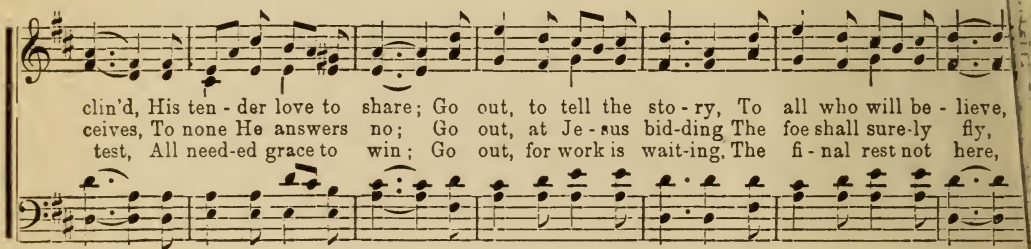
MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

And shall go in and out and find pasture, —JOHN 10: 9.

M. J. MUNI

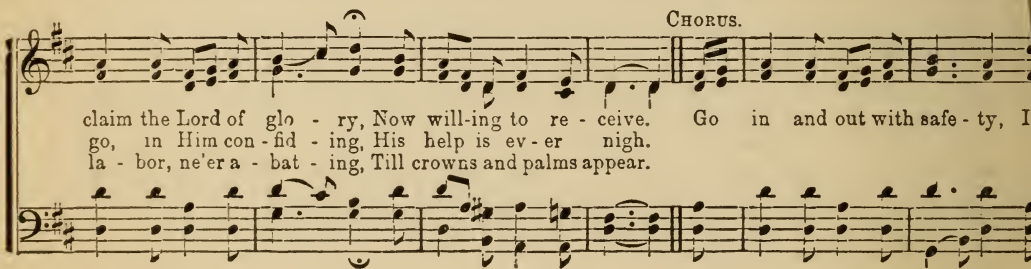


1. Go in, the Shepherd to find, To come be-neath His care, For He thy heart
 2. Go in, pro - tec - tion He gives, From ev - ry lurk - ing foe, Go in, He ev - e
 3. Go in, there find - ing thy rest, When weary with thy sin, Yea, go, His promis



clin'd, His ten - der love to share; Go out, to tell the sto - ry, To all who will be - lieve,
 ceives, To none He answers no; Go out, at Je - sus bid - ding The foe shall sure - ly fly,
 test, All need - ed grace to win; Go out, for work is wait - ing. The fi - nal rest not here,

CHORUS.



claim the Lord of glo - ry, Now will - ing to re - ceive. Go in and out with safe - ty, I
 go, in Him con - fid - ing, His help is ev - er nigh.
 la - bor, ne'er a - bat - ing, Till crowns and palms appear.

Je - sus be thy guide, Go in, and out, He'll keep thee While walking by His side.

HOW I LOVE TO SPEAK FOR JESUS.

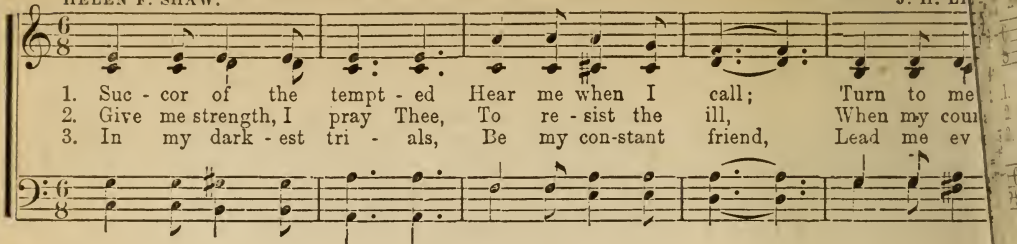
G. W. E. GEO. W. EIDT.

1. How I love to speak for Je - sus, Ev - 'ry day and ev - 'ry hour; How I love to sing His
 2. How I love to work for Je - sus, For He labored hard for me; When He purchased my re-
 3. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, I will bear it by Thy grace; Help me ev - er to be

prais - es, And to trust His sav - ing pow'r, And to trust His sav - ing pow'r.
 demp - tion, On the cross of Cal - va - ry, On the cross of Cal - va - ry.
 faith - ful, Till I see Thee face to face, Till I see Thee face to face.

SUCCOR OF THE TEMPTED.

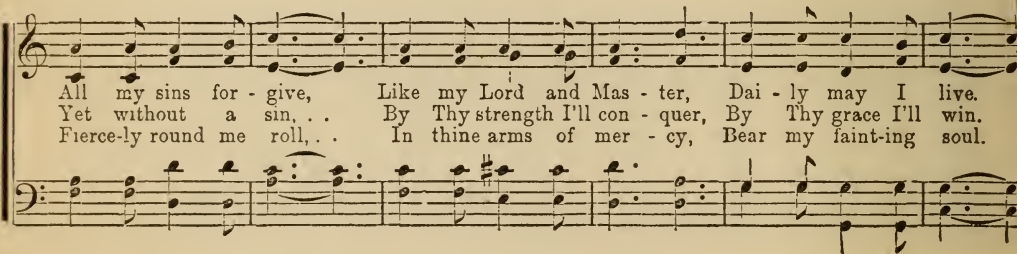
For in that He himself hath suffered, being tempted, he is able to succor them that are tempted. —HEB. 2:18
HELEN F. SHAW. J. H. L.



1. Suc - cor of the tempt - ed Hear me when I call; Turn to me
2. Give me strength, I pray Thee, To re - sist the ill, When my coun
3. In my dark - est tri - als, Be my con-stant friend, Lead me ev



mer - cy, At thy feet I fall; . . . Help me bear life's cross - e
fails me, Be my com - fort still; . . . Thou hast known temp - ta - tio
mo - ment, To my jour - neys end; . . . When the waves of Jor - da



All my sins for - give, Like my Lord and Mas - ter, Dai - ly may I live.
Yet without a sin, . . . By Thy strength I'll con - quer, By Thy grace I'll win.
Fierce-ly round me roll, . . . In thine arms of mer - cy, Bear my faint-ing soul.

BEAUTIFUL HOME.

61

For we know that if our earthly house, &c. —2d Cor. 5: 1.

J. F. McCONNELL.

Andante.

1. This is not my place of rest-ing, Mine's a cit - y yet to come; On-ward to it
 2. There the lamb our Shepherd leads us, By the streams of life a - long; On the fresh-est
 3. Soon we pass this des - ert drea-ry, Soon we bid fare-well to pain; Nev - er more are

REFRAIN.

I am hasting, On to my e - ter - nal home. Beau-ti - ful home, peaceful home,
 pastures feeds us, Turns our sigh - ing in - to song.
 sad and wea-ry, Nev - er, nev - er sin a - gain.

Far beyond all earth-ly gloom; Blest Re-deem-er, safe - ly lead us On to our e - ter - nal home.

I CANNOT KNOW.

He keepeth the paths of judgment, and preserveth the way of his saints. —Prov. 2: 8.

J. J. MAXFIELD.

M. J. MUNGER.

1. I can - not know my end or way, Dear Lord, 'tis all with Thee; I know not what an-
 2. The when, the wherefore and the hour, I seek to know in vain; The things I can - not
 3. How long, is not for me to know, To trust is my de - light; I on - ly feel that

oth - er day May bring to me; At some near sun - set, now un-known, I'll
 fath - om now Will then be plain; O may my love to Thee in - crease, O
 it is so, Thy ways are right; Then fold me clos - er to Thy breast, And

lay my bur - den down, And rise to meet Thee on Thy throne, To take my crown.
 let my faith be great, For I am sure the end is peace, And I can wait.
 still sup - ply my need, So shall I know thy per - fect rest, Is rest in - deed.

JESUS WEPT.

63

REV. W. T. DALE.

Jesus wept. —JOHN 11: 35.

REV. W. T. DALE.

Affettuoso.

1. "Je-sus wept, He wept for me, Died to set my spir - it free; Liv'd a life of sor-row
 2. "Je-sus wept," in ev - 'ry hour, When we feel temp - ta-tion's pow'r; He is near us to de-
 3. "Je-sus wept," in all our woes, When af - flic-tion's cup o'er - flows; Then His sym - pa - thy is
 4. "Je-sus wept," He bears a part, In the pangs that rend the heart; In be-reav-ments He is
 5. "Je-sus wept," and still He weeps, Still His love for us He keeps; Still is guid - ing where we

REFRAIN.

here, Pil-grim, stranger on our sphere. "Je-sus wept," "Je-sus wept," He wept, He wept for
 fend, Lead-ing, guid-ing to the end.
 felt, Then His heart of love will melt.
 near, Mourning hearts to bind and cheer.
 go, Lead-ing thro' this vale of woe. Je - sus wept, Je-sus wept,

me; "Je - sus wept," "Je - sus wept," He wept, He wept for me.
 Je - sus wept, Je - sus wept, Je - sus wept,

Repeat softly.

CLOSER AND CLOSER TO JESUS.

E. R. LATTA,

M. J. MUNGER.

Andante.

1. Clos - er and clos - er to Je - sus, Ev - er in thought and in deed, Near - er His
 2. Clos - er and clos - er to Je - sus, Show - ing to sin - ners the way, Grow - ing more
 3. Clos - er and clos - er to Je - sus, Per - fect in love and in grace, Hop - ing for

side would I lin - ger Know - ing more ful - ly my need; Keep - ing no more at a dis - tance,
 like him in spir - it, Joy - ful His voice to o - bey; Sing - ing His prais - es with glad - ness,
 glo - ry im - mor - tal, When I have fin - ish'd my race; Je - sus, I long to be near - er,

Like un - to Pe - ter of old, Clos - er, till ev - er in heav - en, I shall His
 Tell - ing His mer - cy and love, Ear - nest - ly striv - ing to en - ter In - to His
 Near - er than ev - er be - fore, Ten - der - ly draw me, dear Sa - vior, As I am

D.S. Clos - er and clos - er to Je - sus; Je - sus, who

CLOSER AND CLOSER TO JESUS.—Concluded.

65

Fine. CHORUS.

D.S.

glo - ry be - hold. Clos - er and clos - er to Je - sus, Ev - er my watchword shall be,
kingdom a - bove.
near - ing the shore.

suf - fer'd for me.

WONDERFUL LOVE

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

W. T. WILEY.

1. Wonderful, wonderful love! Wonderful, wonderful love! He left His bright throne, to make us His own, And
2. Wonderful, wonderful love! Wonderful, wonderful love! To gather us in from danger and sin, And
3. Wonderful, wonderful love! Wonderful, wonderful love! To rescue and save from death and the grave, And
4. Wonderful, wonderful love! Wonderful, wonderful love! How kindly he pleads and now intercedes For

D. S. O may we to-day, ac - cept and o - bey, The *D.S.*

Fine.

take us to heav'n a - bove. Won - der - ful, won - der - ful love! Won - der - ful won - der - ful love!
give us a home a - bove.
bring us to heav'n a - bove.
us, at the throne a - bove.

Sa - yior who reigns a - bove.

WE WILL GO AND WORK FOR JESUS.

W. C. BROWN.

With energy.

W. C. BROWN.

1. We will go and work for Je - sus, And be sol - diers of the cross; We will la - bor in His vineyard, Counting
 2. We will go and work for Je - sus, And o - bey His kind command; For He gave His life a ransom, To ful -
 3. We will go and work for Je - sus, For the ev - 'ning draweth near; All our toil will soon be o - ver, And the

all things else but loss. There are man - y pre - cious chil - dren, We should seek and gath - er in, Let us
 fil the law's de - mand. If we love to do His pleasure, He will all our wants supply, And will
 Sa - vior will ap - pear. If we la - bor for the Mas - ter, Till our jour - ney here is trod, He will

REFRAIN.

go and urge them kindly, Now to leave the paths of sin. We will go, we will go, We will
 lead us safe - ly on - ward, To our home beyond the sky.
 lead us thro' the gate - way, To the cit - y of our God. we will go, we will go,

WE WILL GO AND WORK FOR JESUS.—Concluded.

67

go and work for Je - sus; We will go, we will go, we will go, We will go and work to - day.

WONDERFUL VIRTUE IN PRAYER.

J. J. MAXFIELD,

Devoto.

"For He careth for you."—1st PETER, 5: 7.

M. D. POTTER.

1. When wea-ri-some moments a - bide, And bur - dens are heav-y to bear, Tell Je - sus what-ev-er be - tide, And
2. If sin has be-cloud-ed your way, For - get not your Rock and your Shield, But go un - to Je - sus and say, "Dear
3. His ear will at-tend to your cry, His eye neith-er slumbers nor sleeps, His love will your spirits sup - ply, His
4. Then trust Him for mer-cies to come, Nor yield to temp-ta-tions se - vere, He'll lead you in peace to your home. And

D.S. And let your pe - ti-tions be known, There's

Fine. REFRAIN.

D.S.

ask Him to light-en your care. Oh, bear not your bur - dens a - lone, To Je - sus, your Sa - vior re - pair.
Sa - vior, I come to be heal'd."
chil - dren in safe-ty He keeps.
wipe from your eyes ev'-ry tear,

won - der-ful vir-tue in prayer,

WHEN THE MORNING BELLS ARE RINGING.

GEO. B. CHASE.

1. When the morning bells are ring-ing, To the chap-el we re-pair, Here we all u - nite in sing-ing, And de-n
 2. In the du - ties now be-fore us, Let us faith-ful-ly en-gage, May the spir-it now di-rect us, As we
 3. Thankful for the kind pro-tec-tion Which has bless'd us thro' the week, Still implor-ing Thy di-rec-tion, While we

D. S. 1. Ev-'ry grate-ful heart re-joic-es, Thus to
 2. And the blessings he hath brought us, Fill our
 3. Grati-tude in each e-mo-tion, Would we

D.S.

Fine.

vout - ly join in pray'r; While in har-mo-ny our voic-es Are as-cend-ing to our God;
 search the sa-cred page; May the les-sons Christ has taught us, All our minds and hearts im-prove;
 heav'n-ly wis-dom seek; Fath-er, thus in pure de-vo-tion, Ev-'ry thought in-spir'd by love;

spread His praise a - broad.
 hearts with ho - ly love.
 lift our souls a - bove.

CHILD'S PRAYER.

E. P. ANDREWS.

1. Je - sus, see a lit - tle child, Hum-bly at Thy foot-stool stay, Thou who art so meek and mild,
 2. Tho' Thou art so great and high, Thou dost view with smil-ing face, Lit - tle chil-dren when they cry,
 3. Je - sus, all my sins for-give, Make me low - ly, pure in heart, In Thy pres-ence may I live,

CHILD'S PRAYER.—Concluded.

69

REFRAIN.

stoop and teach me what to say. What to say, what to say, Stoop and teach me what to say.
 "Sa - viour, guide me by Thy grace." By Thy grace, by the grace, "Sa - viour guide me by thy grace."
 And be with Thee where Thou art. Where Thou art, where Thou art, And be with Thee where Thou art.

WATCH AND PRAY.

MISS CLARA NOYES. "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation."—MATT. 26 : 41.

E. P. NOYES.

1. Je - sus, help me watch and pray, On Thy-self re - ly - ing; May I walk in wisdom's way,
 2. Tempest-toss'd and sore, distress'd, Still to Thee I'm cling - ing; Naught on earth can give me rest,
 3. Brighter scenes in heav'n a - wait For my raptur'd vis - ion; Soon I'll pass the pearl-y gate,

D. S. Trusting Thee in time of need,

REFRAIN.

D.S.

To Thy will com-ply - ing, Watching, praying, day by day, Watching lest I go as - tray;
 On - ly sor - row bring-ing.
 To the fields e - ly - sian.

Watching, praying ev - er.

WHAT WILT THOU HAVE ME TO DO.

E. R. LATTA.

R. B. MAHAFFEY.

1. What wilt Thou have me to do? Where wilt Thou have me to go? Shall I Thy mes-sen-ger be,
 2. Of-ten Thy voice I have heard Call-ing from fol-ly and sin, Yet I have scarce-ly be-gun,
 3. Je-sus for me Thou hast died, Should I not la-bor for Thee? Do-ing what-ev-er I can,

Lord, I am wait-ing to know; Oft I have wan-der'd a-way, Oft I have slighted Thy grace,
 Glo-ry im-mor-tal to win; Now I will list to Thy voice, Glad-ly ac-cept of Thy love,
 Ev-en tho' hum-bles it be; Lord, there is much to be done, White is the har-vest to view,

Now in Thy vineyard be-low, Give me, dear Sa-vior, a place. What wilt Thou have me to do?
 Take me, dear Savior, I pray, Fit me for heaven a-bove. What wilt Thou, what wilt Thou have me to do?
 Now I am read-y to go, What wilt Thou have me to do.

WHAT WILT THOU HAVE ME TO DO.—Concluded.

71

What wilt Thou have me to do? Je - sus I list to Thy call, What wilt Thou have me to do.
 What wilt Thou, what wilt Thou have me to do? Je - sus, dear Savior I list to Thy call,

THE JASPER SEA.

E. F. DAWSON.

E. F. DAWSON.

1. When we cross the Jas - per sea, When we reach the oth - er shore, Full of bliss our songs shall be,
 2. With the an - gels round the throne, Cloth'd in splendor we shall stand, Death and tears are nev - er known,
 3. Part - ing days will nev - er come, Bright our lot will ev - er be, When we reach our heav'nly home,

D.S. We will sing for - ev - er more,

Fine. CHORUS.

Praise to God for - ev - er more. When we reach the hap - py shore, Far a - cross the Jas - per sea;
 In that bright and happy land.
 Far a - cross the Jas - per sea.

Thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty.

I LONG TO BE WITH JESUS.

Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better. —PHIL. 1:23.

REV. J. H. MARTIN.

J. E. ROHRBOUGH.

1. I long to be with Je-sus, In shin-ing realms above, To con-tem-ple His glo-ry And cel-ebrate His love.
2. His charms so fair and pleasing, Unfolded to my sight, Shall fill my soul with gladness, And transports of delight.

The King in all His beauty My ravish'd eyes shall see, And in His blissful presence Enrap-tur'd I shall be.
I'll be with Christ in glo-ry, And view His love-ly face, I'll sing the joy-ful sto-ry Of His redeem-ing grace.

FAIR AS THE MOON.

"Fair as the moon, clear as the sun."—SOLOMON'S SONG. 6:10.

REV. J. H. MARTIN.

LE ROY J. BOGGS.

1. The moon in brightness walks the sky, The love-ly queen of night Pours down her ra-diance from on high, Her
2. With lus-tre bor-row'd from the bright Re-ful-gent king of day, She shines with less re-splendent light, A
3. So does the church with lus-tre shine, The light by Je-sus giv'n, Il-lum-in'd with the beams di-vine, The
4. Re-fec-tor of the splendor bright Which from the Sa-vior gleams, A-mid the world's dark gloomy night, She

FAIR AS THE MOON.—Concluded.

73

Repeat 3d. and 4th. lines of each stanza.

Fine. CHORUS.

D.S.

soft and sil - v'ry light, Her soft and sil - v'ry light, Her soft and sil - v'ry light;
 mild - er, gent - ler ray, A mild - er, gent - ler ray, A mild - er, gent - ler ray;
 glo - rious rays of heav'n, The glo - rious rays of heav'n, The glo - rious rays of heav'n;
 sheds her ra - diant beams, She sheds her ra - diant beams, She sheds her ra - diant beams;

DR. H. BONAR.

BEYOND THE HILLS.

R. G. STAPLES.

1. A - bove the fear - ful wrecks of time, And discord of its an - gry words, I hear the ev - er - lasting chime, The
 2. O song of light and dawn of bliss, Sound over earth and fill these skies, Nor ev - er, ev - er, ev - er cease, Thy
 3. Glad song of this dis - burden'd earth, Which holy voices then shall sing, Praise for cre - a - tion's second birth, And

D.S. Dear land be - yond to which I go, That

D.S.

CHORUS.

mu - sic of un - jar - ring chords, Dear land, sweet land of song, Where dwell the blood - wash'd throng;
 soul en - tran - cing mel - o - dies.
 glo - ry to cre - a - tion's King. Dear land beyond, sweet land of song, Where dwell in light the blood wash'd throng;
 land of bliss I soon shall know.

WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE.

MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH. Thou art weighed in the balance, and art found wanting. —DANIEL 5: 27.

R. B. MAHAFFEY.

Andante.

1. Weigh'd by thy love for thy broth-er, Weigh'd by thy love for thy God,
 2. Weigh'd by the hope of sal - va - tion, Weigh'd by the Rock where 'tis built,
 3. Weigh'd by the rich - est of treas-ures, Weigh'd by their in - fi - nite loss,

Fine.

Weigh'd by thy faith in an - oth - er, Weigh'd by the shed - ding of blood.
 Weigh'd by the sweet in - vi - ta - tion, "Come, ev - en now, if thou wilt."
 Weigh'd by the bright - est of pleas - ures, Weigh'd by the dark heav - y cross.

D.S. Weigh'd, but thy soul has been tri - fling, Weigh'd, but found light - er than air.

REFRAIN.

D.S.

Weigh'd in the bal - ance, and want - ing, Weigh'd, but no Sa - vior is there;

SONG OF DELIVERANCE.

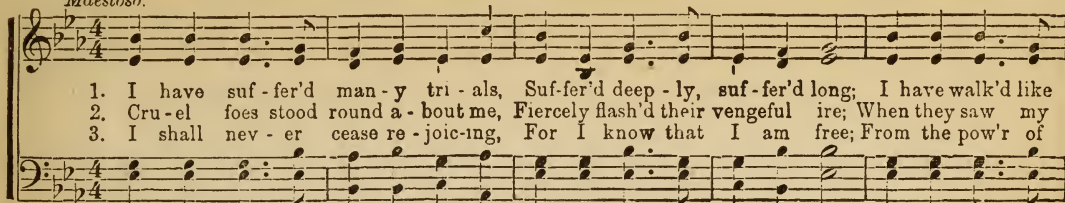
75

VINNIE VERNON.

My God hath sent his angel, and hath shut the lion's mouths. — DANIEL 6: 22.

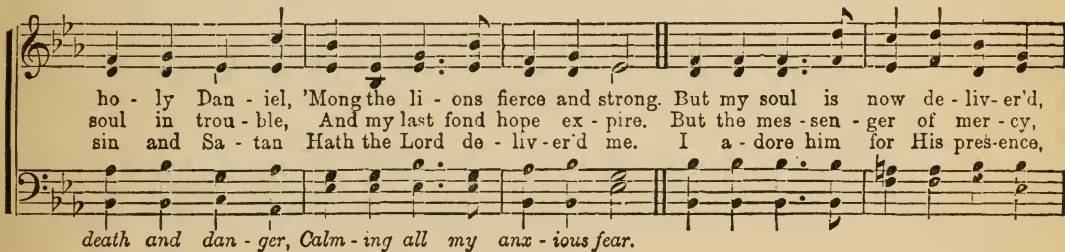
J. H. LESLIE.

Maestoso.

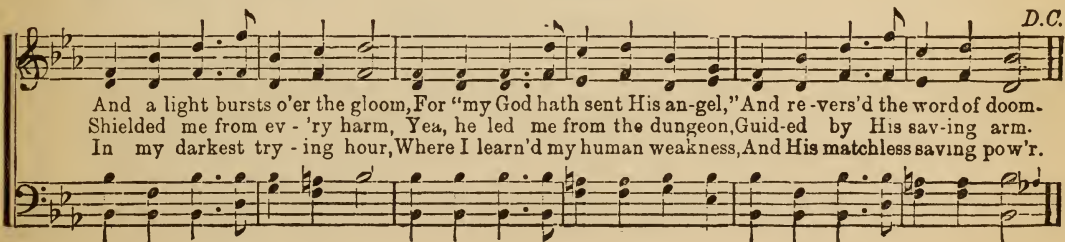


1. I have suf-fer'd man-y tri-als, Suf-fer'd deep-ly, suf-fer'd long; I have walk'd like
 2. Cru-el foes stood round a-bout me, Fiercely flash'd their vengeful ire; When they saw my
 3. I shall nev-er cease re-joic-ing, For I know that I am free; From the pow'r of

CHORUS. God hath sent His ho-ly an-gel, Bring-ing peace and glo-ry near; Shield-ing me from



ho-ly Dan-iel, 'Mong the li-ons fierce and strong. But my soul is now de-liv-er'd,
 soul in trou-ble, And my last fond hope ex-pire. But the mes-sen-ger of mer-cy,
 sin and Sa-tan Hath the Lord de-liv-er'd me. I a-dore him for His pres-ence,
 death and dan-ger, Calm-ing all my anx-ious fear.



And a light bursts o'er the gloom, For "my God hath sent His an-gel," And re-vers'd the word of doom.
 Shielded me from ev-'ry harm, Yea, he led me from the dungeon, Guid-ed by His sav-ing arm.
 In my darkest try-ing hour, Where I learn'd my human weakness, And His matchless saving pow'r.

D.C.

NEARER HOME.

Arr. from Phebe Cary by REV. W. T. DALE.

D. E. DORTCH.

1. One sweet-ly sol-umn thought, Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm near-er home this twi-light close, Than
 2. But waves of that dark sea, Are roll-ing in my sight; Yet bright be-yond the roll-ing tide, Ap-
 3. O Lord con-firm my trust, Make strong the hand of faith; To feel Thee when I trem-bling stand, Up-
 4. Be near me when my feet Are slip-ping o'er the briik; For I am near-er home, to-day, Per-

D.S. Near-er home my long sought home, Than

Fine. CHORUS.

D.S.

e'er I've been be-fore. Near-er home, near-er home, I'm near-er Ca-naan's shore; I'm
 pears the dawn of light.
 on the shore of death.
 haps than I may think,

e'er I've been be-fore.

LEAD ME TO THEE.

DUET.

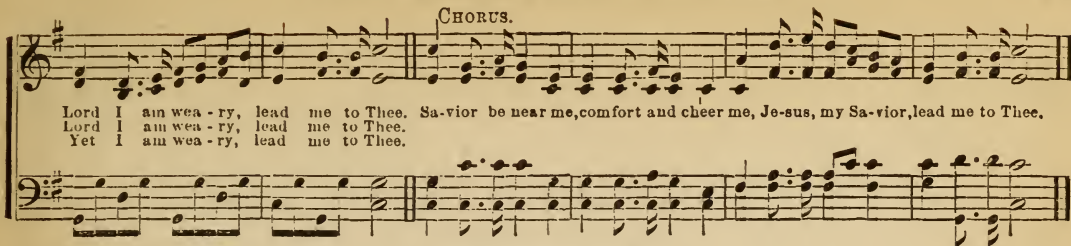
L. M. GORDON.

1. Beauti-ful mansion, home of the blest, Land where the faithful ev-er shall rest; There is my treasure, there would I be,
 2. Here in the desert, cheerless I roam, La-den with sorrow, far from my home; Clouds on my pathway darkly I see,
 3. Savior, I love Thee, dwell in my heart, Nev-er, oh nev-er, from me de-part; Hope, like a rainbow, shin-ing I see,

LEAD ME TO THEE.—Concluded.

77

CHORUS.



Lord I am wea - ry, lead me to Thee. Sa - vior be near me, comfort and cheer me, Je - sus, my Sa - vior, lead me to Thee.
 Lord I am wea - ry, lead me to Thee.
 Yet I am wea - ry, lead me to Thee.

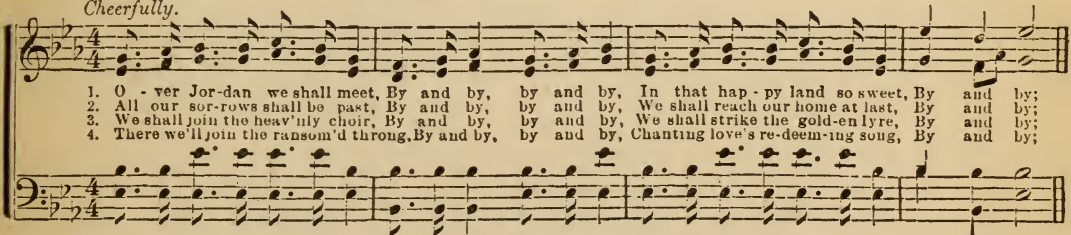
BY AND BY.

REV. T. W. DALE.

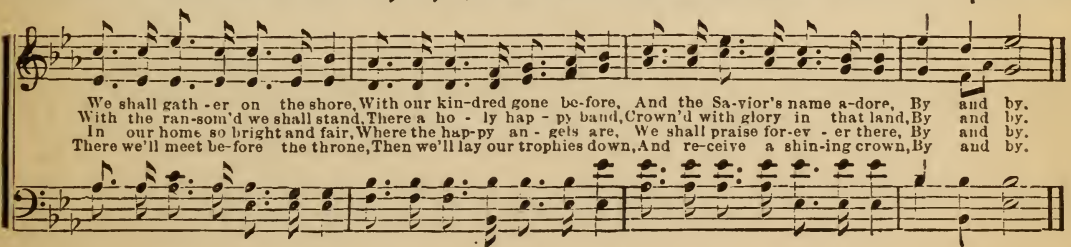
"Ye shall pass over this Jordan."—JOSH. 1: 11.

REV. W. T. DALE.

Cheerfully.



1. O - ver Jor - dan we shall meet, By and by, by and by, In that hap - py land so sweet, By and by;
 2. All our sor - rows shall be past, By and by, by and by, We shall reach our home at last, By and by;
 3. We shall join the heav'nly choir, By and by, by and by, We shall strike the gold-en lyre, By and by;
 4. There we'll join the ransom'd throng, By and by, by and by, Chanting love's re-deem-ing song, By and by;



We shall gath - er on the shore, With our kin-dred gone be-fore, And the Sa - vior's name a-dore, By and by.
 With the ran-som'd we shall stand, There a ho - ly hap - py band, Crown'd with glory in that land, By and by.
 In our home so bright and fair, Where the hap - py an - gels are, We shall praise for-ev - er there, By and by.
 There we'll meet be-fore the throne, Then we'll lay our trophies down, And re-ceive a shin-ing crown, By and by.

ONWARD PRESSING.

I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. —PHIL. 3: 14.

MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

M. P. SUTER,

Allegro.

1. To'ard the mark my feet are press-ing, On the list my name shall be; To the race my-
 2. To'ard the mark my feet are press-ing, Sin in vain her snares shall spread; Tho' I stum - ble
 3. To'ard the mark I'm dai - ly press-ing, Death shall clasp my feet in vain; 'Tis the goal where

CHORUS..

self ad - dress - ing, 'Till the bright re - ward I see. O the race, the race I'm win-ning!
 still pro-gress-ing, Safe - ly by the spir - it led.
 waits the bless-ing, Dy - ing, shall with Christ, be gain.

On-ward! on-ward let me fly! O the race! 'tis now be - gin-ning, On-ward! onward till I die.

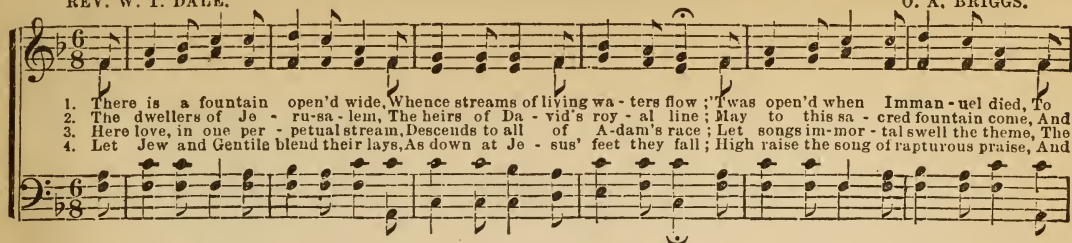
THE FOUNTAIN.

79

REV. W. T. DALE.

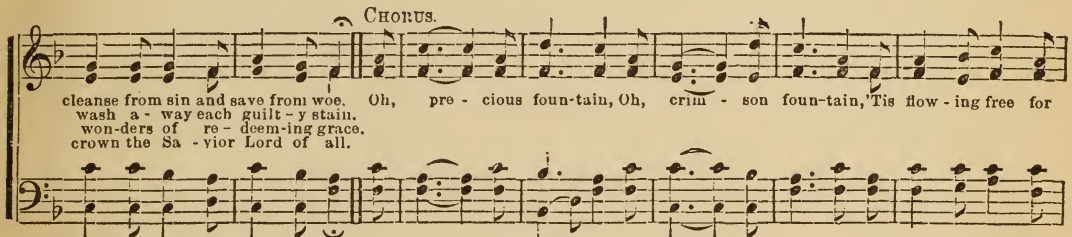
In that day there shall be a fountain opened in the house of David.—ZECH. 13: 1.

O. A. BRIGGS.



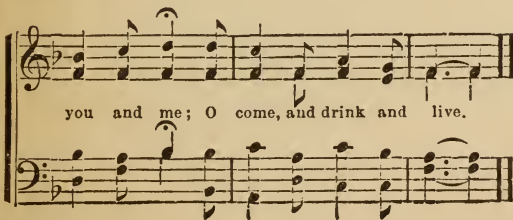
1. There is a fountain open'd wide, Whence streams of living wa- ters flow; 'Twas open'd when Imman- uel died, To
 2. The dwellers of Je- ru-sa- lem, The heirs of Da- vid's roy- al line; Blay to this sa- cred fountain come, And
 3. Here love, in one per- petual stream, Descends to all of A- dam's race; Let songs im- mor- tal swell the theme, The
 4. Let Jew and Gentile blend their lays, As down at Je- sus' feet they fall; High raise the song of rapturous praise, And

CHORUS.



cleanse from sin and save from woe. Oh, pre- cious foun- tain, Oh, crim- son foun- tain, 'Tis flow- ing free for
 wash a- way each guilt- y stain.
 won- ders of re- deem- ing grace,
 crown the Sa- vior Lord of all.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.



you and me; O come, and drink and live.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1. Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me;
 Still all my song shall be—
 [Nearer, my God, to thee:]
 Nearer to thee!</p> <p>2. Tho' like the wanderer,
 Daylight all gone,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone;
 Yet in my dreams I'd be—
 [Nearer, my God, to thee:]
 Nearer to thee!</p> | <p>3. There let the way appear
 Steps unto heaven;
 All that thou sendest me,
 In mercy given;
 Angels to beckon me
 [Nearer, my God, to thee:]
 Nearer to thee!</p> <p>4. Or, if on joyful wing,
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars forget,
 Upward I fly;
 Still all my song shall be—
 [Nearer, my God, to thee:]
 Nearer to thee!</p> |
|---|---|

INDEX.

	PAGE.		PAGE.		PAGE.
AWAKE, and Satisfied.....	29	I Love Jesus.....	25	Sweetest Story Ever Told...	19
BEAUTIFUL Home.....	61	I Take Thee at Thy Word...	22	TAKE these Lambs.....	55
Be Near Me.....	31	In the Fiery Furnace.....	45	Talk With Me, Lord.....	13
Beyond the Hills.....	73	If We are Christ's.....	28	The Fountain.....	79
Blessed Jesus.....	35	JESUS Gentle Shepherd.....	33	The Jasper Sea.....	71
By and By.....	77	Jesus Loves the Children...	21	The Master Calleth.....	47
CHILD's Prayer.....	63	"Jesus Wept".....	63	The Smitten Rock.....	56
Christ Calming the Storm...	7	Just Waiting.....	20	The Very Best for Jesus...	30
Closer and Closer to Jesus...	64	LEAD Me Safely on.....	9	There is a gate that stands ajar	34
Closer to Thee.....	8	Lead Me to Thee.....	76	There's a Friend.....	54
DROOPING Souls.....	4	Let the Little Children Come	57	Then Do I Love Jesus.....	37
ENTER into thy Closet.....	23	Lord's Prayer.....	5	There's Rest for thee at Home	52
Even as Josiah.....	48	MANSIONS Bright.....	49	'Tis Sweet, O Blessed Jesus.	32
FAIR as the Moon.....	72	NEARER Home.....	76	'Tis with the Righteous Well	44
God shall all your need supply	11	Nearer My God to Thee....	79	WAITING, Watching and long-	
Go in and out.....	53	Onward Pressing.....	78	ing.....	24
Great Peace.....	16	Our Home Beyond the River	42	Watch and Pray.....	69
Guide Me Blessed Savior...	17	Oh, that Sweet Day.....	36	We Haste to Sabbath School	39
HAPPY Home Above.....	40	Our Promised Help.....	51	We Must Work for Jesus...	53
Heaven is My Home.....	10	PRECIOUS JEWELS.....	3	We're going to work for Jesus	27
Hear the Voice of Jesus....	15	REMEMBER Jesus.....	43	We will go and work for Jesus	66
He is Risen.....	14	Rise and Shine.....	26	Weighed in the Balance....	74
He Lives, No More to Die...	6	Rock of Ages.....	13	What wilt thou have me to do	70
He Hath Set Me on a Rock..	46	SAVIOUR and Friend.....	21	When the Morning Bells are	
Hosanna to Jesus.....	38	Song of Deliverance.....	75	Ringing.....	68
How I Love to speak for Jesus	59	Shelter Near the Cross.....	50	Will You Come to the Cross.	41
I BRING My Sins to Thee...	18	Succor of the Tempted.....	60	Wonderful Love.....	65
I Cannot Know.....	62	Sweet Rest in Jesus.....	5	Wonderful Virtue in Prayer.	67
I Long to Be With Jesus....	72				






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